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A M E R I C A.

CONTRARY to expectation, the defeat of the Northern Americans for the first time opens a prospect of the termination of the war. Every additional account of the battle represents in more striking detail the astonishing cowardice of the officers and men; and the ingenious journalists of New York contrive to exaggerate the actual disgrace, by diminishing the losses which might in some degree have explained and excused the rout. They probably scarcely wish to be believed when they assert that their own numbers amounted only to 20,000 against 90,000 Confederates. As the advance from Washington was immediately ordered by General SCOTT, it would seem to follow that the first soldier in America was no better than an imbecile or a lunatic. On the very day of the battle, however, the same public instructors reckoned their army at 55,000, and Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS states that the Confederates brought only 15,000 into action. After all, the local historians furnish in their special narratives sufficient contradictions of their general statements. Hereafter, they may perhaps even repudiate the fabulous exploit of those fierce Fire Zouaves who, according to Mr. RUSSELL, were the first to run away. The warriors who cut an imaginary regiment of cavalry into pieces with their bowie knives can scarcely expect to retain, in the midst of jealous comrades, the apocryphal honours which they have so boldly awarded to themselves.

The oddest illustration of American character consists in the total absence of shame with which the misconduct of the army is contemplated and recorded. The runaways, and the regiments who deserted the field on the eve of the battle, are welcomed to their homes with the same noisy demonstrations which celebrated their departure for the field of glory three months before. The officers themselves boast, in the dialect of their country, that they were "thoroughly whipped," and the Commander-in-Chief informs the Editor of the *New York Times* that he had always disapproved the plan of campaign which has ended in the anticipated disaster. It seems that General SCOTT proposed to wait for the autumn, and then, remaining on the defensive towards Virginia, to advance southward by the valley of the Mississippi. The PRESIDENT and Cabinet can scarcely be blamed for overruling a plan which, while it seems in itself not easy of accomplishment, would assuredly never have been attempted; for if hostilities had not been commenced as soon as an army was collected, they would never have taken place at all. The irritation of the North, though by no means unprovoked, was, and remains, altogether purposeless. Nothing can be more improbable than that the popular caprice, after veering round on the capture of Fort Sumter, should remain steadily warlike for six months in default of fresh excitement. Victory stimulates the hope of ultimate success, and disaster generally rouses the desire of vengeance; but the American Government would never have been allowed to begin the war if time had been, in the first instance, allowed for sober reflection. The check which has been suffered at the outset of the campaign seems not unlikely to produce a similar effect. As the defeat has caused little indignation, the abandonment of the proposed advance on Richmond will afford heated imaginations an opportunity of cooling. The wild suggestions of Republican newspapers, while they indicate the helplessness of the warlike agitators, can scarcely fail to accelerate the reaction which already begins to display itself. One writer proposes to kill or banish all traitors, or, in other words, all inhabitants of the Southern States—others affect to discover that the dispute can only be settled by the abolition of slavery. The hope of terminating the war by military operations in a single campaign is, with good reason, unanimously repudiated or forgotten. Excited fancies at Washington discern 175,000 formidable troops in Vir-

ginia; and as the Confederate Government has probably no intention of attacking the capital, the ultimate escape from a fancied danger will be regarded as a sufficient triumph.

In the mean time, the enormous expenses continue without prospect of reduction. The battle of Manassas represents a necessary outlay, for some months to come, of hundreds of thousands for every successive day. The repugnance of the Western States to taxation adds to the price which must be bid for loans; and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, who is paying his way by two months' bills, will be constantly obliged to renew on more and more disadvantageous terms. The bankers of the Atlantic cities will offer no facilities for a war which, in common with the commercial community, they disapprove; and Mr. CHASE must already have ascertained that inevitable repudiation forms a conclusive objection to the advance of money by European capitalists. Even the mean attempt of some of the Southern States to defraud their foreign creditors will not fail to affect the credit of the residuary portion of the Union. Americans are never tired of asserting that Englishmen are incapable of understanding their character and institutions; and it would therefore be presumptuous to assert that the tricky policy of Virginia may not be approved and adopted by Pennsylvania or Michigan.

At the first outbreak of the war, Northern politicians proved with superfluous clearness of demonstration that secession was inconsistent with the original terms of union. Dispassionate foreigners, admitting the force of the legal deduction, remarked that the disruption of the Union was neither more nor less irregular than the original rebellion against the Crown of England. As ten or eleven States, calling themselves sovereign, had in fact set up an independent Government, it seemed immaterial whether their new existence as a nation originated in a revolution or in a plausible interpretation of the Constitutional Act. The North deserved respect for arming in support of its legal claims, but it was evident that the result of the contest would depend upon military resources and contingencies, and not on the conclusions of any verbal controversy. The material probabilities of success on either side have scarcely been changed, but prudent Federalists are beginning to discover that bystanders in Europe understood more clearly than themselves the difficulty or impossibility of their enterprise. In theory, the position of the Seceding States is improved by their duration as an independent Confederacy. Mr. LINCOLN has, perhaps without fault of his own, violated the law and the Constitution more undeniably than Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. Mr. BRECKENRIDGE received no answer to the argument by which he proved in the Senate that the PRESIDENT had utterly disregarded all constitutional restrictions in his enforcement of martial law. The approval of his acts by the Congress is a second excess of authority; nor will the joint resolution of indemnity be pleadable in bar of the impeachment which will not improbably furnish a supplementary excitement as soon as the country is thoroughly tired of the war. The necessity of the case may perhaps justify all the irregularities of the PRESIDENT and of Congress; but South Carolina and Alabama, in their turn, will allege that secession was necessary. The Constitution, as far as it interferes with the success of either party, is superseded by general assent. Two enemies are facing each other with nearly equal rights, and one of them is practically standing on the defensive, while the other proposes to itself an impracticable conquest. In a short time the statesmen of the North will probably be permitted to avow the conviction which they must already feel, that subjugation is utterly impossible.

The great armaments which have been raised in defence of the Union will not have been useless, if they confirm the attachment of the Free States to the Federal Constitution. At the beginning of the dispute, many intelligent Repub-

licans would gladly have allowed the Slave States to secede, if they could have assured themselves that a united nation of twenty millions would remain behind. There was a risk of a Central Union, and a fear of a future separation between the North-West and the Atlantic; but the universal burst of indignation against the South, though it was capricious and exaggerated, proved or created the determination on the part of the Free States to maintain their legal connexion. When the Southern Confederation is recognised, the federation of eighteen or twenty States no longer embarrassed by the anomaly of slavery will still be one of the most powerful commonwealths on the face of the earth, and in twenty years it will have recovered the loss of population which it has recently suffered. The most desirable event, under present circumstances, would be a bloodless and indecisive victory which might console the United States for Manassas, while at the same time no additional facility was afforded for the invasion of the South. Under cover of a universal flourish of newspaper trumpets, the Government of Washington might perhaps arrange an armistice, which would in a short time ripen into a permanent peace. If General McCLELLAN could attain some trifling success leading to so happy a result, he would amply deserve the title of "hero of" the place where he might check the enemy, as well as the inevitable inheritance of Mr. LINCOLN's post.

HUNGARY.

THE substance of the Hungarian answer to the EMPEROR's *Script* was easily conjectured before the text was published. There was no difficulty in exposing the historical blunders and the violations of constitutional right which necessarily follow from the Austrian reference to a supposed standard of expediency. When the Diet demanded the payment of a political debt, it was absurd to answer that the resources of the Government might be better employed. It is perfectly intelligible that the Ministers at Vienna may be sincere in their belief that the general interest would be best consulted by the formation of a homogeneous Empire; yet the concessions and promises of the last year have been produced, not by considerations of abstract equity, but by the acknowledged impossibility of persevering in a lawless course of arbitrary government. When it was admitted that the demands of the Hungarians must be considered, it would have been worth while to learn what they really asked. There is no use in offering seats in the Council of the Empire to the representatives of a Kingdom which claims for itself separate independence. The Pragmatic Sanction, which transferred the succession to the female line, confirmed the ancient rights of Hungary; and the answer of the Diet proves that, in practice, the control of the army and the finances has always been retained by the representatives of the nation. After allowing the recent elections to be conducted according to the laws of 1848, the Government commits a blunder in disputing the validity of other legislative measures which rest on the same authority. The Ministers of a despotism, however, even when they wish to enter on a constitutional path, find it difficult to discontinue the habit of treating a conceded right as a favour. It is an insult to a regular Legislature to recognise some of its acts on the ground that they are beneficial, for the right of passing laws is far more important than the exercise of sound judgment in any particular case. In the Hungarian Address, M. DEAK has once more explained, in the name of the Diet and the nation, that rights and powers and hereditary franchises are neither matters of favour nor subjects for compromise; and the latter part of the document contains the declaration which is the logical consequence of the preliminary constitutional exposition. For the last time, the Hungarians repeat that they will not be separated from their ancient provinces, that they will maintain the independence of the Kingdom, and that they will not send deputies to Vienna. The EMPEROR may, for the present, treat them as contumacious subjects who have refused liberal terms of reconciliation; but he can scarcely fail to perceive that all his efforts of negotiation have been utterly wasted. If he could have dispensed with the willing allegiance of Hungary, he would have preferred a continuance of the SCHWARZENBERG system of administration to any constitutional compromise. The motives which have induced him to court the loyalty of his subjects still exist, and the malcontents are fully aware that, though their demands may be rejected, their support is indispensable to the greatness of Austria.

The energy and practical good sense of Hungarian politicians were illustrated in the instantaneous adoption of the Address. The draft itself occupied several hours in reading; and a scrupulous Opposition might have complained that it was impossible to agree to a complicated mass of arguments and statements without full consideration. All parties, however, were aware that the national manifesto would be offensive to the Austrian Government, and telegraphic order or the movement of a regiment from Buda might have closed the Diet and reduced the meditated Address to the rank of a pamphlet. Accordingly, the question of receiving the Report was at once carried by an overwhelming majority, and, before the sitting terminated, the document had passed through the necessary stages, so that it could at once be despatched to Vienna. The Austrian Ministry will dispute its reasonings and resent its expressions of resolute purpose; but it is no longer possible either to evade the reception of the Address or to dispute its official character. Any forcible measures which may be adopted in consequence of the rupture with the Diet must be undertaken in deliberate defiance of law, and with the consciousness of furnishing a fresh excuse for forcible resistance hereafter. The Hungarian leaders have foreseen the alternative results of their unwavering policy; and, whatever may be the immediate consequence of their protest, they have forced their adversaries to take up a disadvantageous position.

Unless the Austrians succeed in their intrigues with the Slavonic subjects of the Hungarian Crown, the forcible separation of the Kingdom cannot be much longer delayed. There is great risk in the commencement of an outbreak, but an insurrection would be irresistible if only it had the opportunity of consolidating itself for two or three months. A foreign war would almost ensure the success of Hungary, and it may not be impossible to persuade foreign allies to give the signal of hostilities. In 1848, the Hungarians brought a large regular army into the field, and they defeated the Austrians in several pitched battles, without themselves incurring any corresponding reverse. In the next conflict, they will be subjected to more serious difficulties at the outset, for they have no longer an army of their own or an organized Government, and their fortresses are in the hands of the enemy. Yet their materials are the same; they can ultimately rely on the aid of their countrymen in the army; and their own divisions have been almost obliterated through the wise use which their leaders have made of accumulated Austrian blunders. Well-informed Hungarians confidently rely on the support of the Slavonic population, which in some districts inclined during the former war to the side of Vienna. The differences of races within the Kingdom are happily not complicated, as in other countries, by religious dissensions, for in Hungary Roman Catholics and Protestants love their country more than they hate the members of a rival communion. Nevertheless, the risk of internal division cannot be safely overlooked as long as the Austrian Government confidently reckons on the support of Transylvania and Croatia. The Hungarian Diet has, from the commencement of the session, been employed in anticipating Austrian attempts to excite the jealousy of the non-Magyar subjects of the Crown. Although the Diet, in its incomplete state, declines all positive legislation, a Committee appointed to consider the relations of the various races has prepared a Report which will be practically respected as a law. Equal rights have been secured to all classes by the measures of 1848, and it seems that the principal grievances which remained related to the competing claims of different languages. Down to the present generation, the difficulty was evaded by the official use of Latin, and considerable discontent was excited among the Slavonic inhabitants by the substitution of Magyar in the debates of the Diet. It would, however, be absurd, under present circumstances, to conduct the debates of a sovereign Assembly in a dead language. As it is necessary to make a choice, the Hungarian is retained in the discussions of the Diet, nor could any competing dialect have been reasonably preferred. All the races which inhabit Hungary and its dependencies, with the solitary exception of the Saxon colony in Transylvania, dislike the German language as a symbol of foreign domination. It is out of the question to prefer the Croatian or Transylvanian dialects to the Magyar, and, on the whole, the Committee could scarcely have proposed a less objectionable plan, unless it were thought expedient to allow every speaker in the Diet to use the language which he might prefer. Such a compromise as that proposed seems the more unobjectionable, as it is to be applied to the county assemblies and to all municipal

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bodies. When two municipalities have occasion to communicate with one another, they are to use the Hungarian language, unless they agree in preferring some other dialect. The details of the scheme are neither interesting to foreigners nor easily understood, but it is evident that the inquiry has been instituted and conducted in a spirit of conciliation and good faith. The contest for the willing allegiance of the Slavonic races in Hungary raises the most important questions which are now at issue between the EMPEROR and his Hungarian subjects. If the non-Magyar population desires freedom and independence, it will be more prudent to form a part of a powerful nation than to be maintained as Austrian partisans in chronic hostility to the majority of Hungarians. It is possible, however, that jealousies of language and of neighbourhood may prevail over legal right and political expediency.

THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN AND THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

WHAT does the battle of Bull's Run indicate as to the probable efficiency of our own Volunteers? That is a question which Volunteers have no doubt been asking themselves for some days past with rather equivocal sensations. But the answer is simple. Nothing that is American furnishes any real indications as to anything that is English. The Americans are of our blood, and, as far as energy and enterprise and genuine enthusiasm for moral objects are concerned, we may be proud to own the connexion; but in some most essential respects they have become a different people. The nature of their climate has probably done something to destroy the coolness and steadiness of their temperament—to make them more irritable, more nervous, and more susceptible of sudden impulses and emotions of all kinds, from vehement enthusiasm to panic fear. Their excessive indulgence in stimulants aggravates the effects of climate, and contributes to render their life one of perpetual excitement, and to bring them—as, compared with Englishmen, most Americans are brought—to early graves. Mere physical causes, therefore, would tell powerfully against them on any occasion which was very trying to the nervous system. But political and social causes have probably told far more. It is evident that one of the main sources of a failure so disgraceful to the Anglo-Saxon race has been the incurable habit of insubordination, transferred from the life of the citizen to that of the soldier. England is a land of lawful authority. America is a land where lawful authority can hardly be said to exist. No one dares to exercise it either in the family or in the State. Everybody and every institution in which it could reside has been ground to powder by the levelling jealousy of a democracy run mad. The idea that it is necessary and that it is ennobling to a freeman to render obedience to superiors for the good of the commonwealth has ceased to enter the mind of any unit of the sovereign people of the United States. The last traditions of this English sentiment died out with the generation which succeeded Washington. This characteristic is in itself enough to account for twenty such catastrophes as that of Bull's Run; and the Northerners will have paid a very moderate price for an invaluable lesson if they can learn to reason back from the palpable consequences of a military anarchy to the consequences, less palpable but not less disastrous, of an anarchy in their civil affairs.

There are other circumstances peculiar to the Americans, and quite independent of the Volunteer or any other military system, which help to account for this "whipping." The Americans have never, like the English, known reverses, or been taught by bitter experience to brace themselves manfully for an arduous struggle. The whole course of their brief history has been one unbroken tide of pumpkin-pie prosperity, while their orators and journalists have laboured too successfully to fill them as full of self-conceit and overweening confidence in their own powers of "chawing up" the whole world as the balloon which they brought into the field the other day was full of gas. Now, like that balloon when it stuck in the trees, they have come suddenly into contact with hard realities; and the natural consequence is a collapse as enormous as the previous inflation. To meet this collapse they had not, in at all an equal degree with ourselves, the sustaining influences which hold an Englishman in extremity to the post of duty. There is among the Americans a tyranny of opinion of a certain kind from which we have the happiness to be comparatively free. But, on the other hand, they are comparatively destitute of that strong sentiment of social responsibility which would make every Englishman, and

every English gentleman especially, fight with the penalty of infamy hanging like a halter round his neck. American society is not so organized as to furnish those compact little circles and communities in which social honour and social dishonour have their seat. It is not so much a society, properly speaking, as a vast aggregate of men—a sand-bank of humanity—the grains of which touch, but do not cohere or exercise any mutual pressure, though the whole is liable to drift violently before the gusts of popular opinion. An Englishman who had behaved as the mass of the Americans appear to have behaved at Bull's Run could hardly have shown his face in his town or his village, among his country neighbours, or in his club, for the rest of his days. The American runaways, on the contrary, are received with popular ovations as the distinguished recipients of the most tremendous "whipping" ever experienced on that Continent—a sensation which, to minds disordered by a prudent love of stimulants, appears to be almost as pungent and agreeable as the sensation of victory. But what shall we say of the Pennsylvanian regiments which marched away from the field while the cannon were sounding? There is an incident which at once cuts off by an enormous gulf, the case of the Americans from our own, and forbids us to draw any discouraging conclusions. Spain is said to be the land where two and two make five. America is the land where citizens called out to defend their country, decamp because "their time is up," in the middle of a battle. In regard to both countries ordinary reasonings are at fault.

Still we should be sorry not to improve the occasion by drawing any moral which it may furnish for the instruction of our new national force. First of all, we see the absolute necessity of regular attention to drill. If men mean to be soldiers, they must make up their minds to undergo a soldier's work; and no drill can be too high to ensure even tolerable promptness and precision amidst the confusion and excitement of a field of battle. Secondly—what is even of more importance—we see the absolute necessity of highly trained officers thoroughly possessing the confidence of their soldiers. A man who has other employment may well find leisure to make himself a very fair private, but he can scarcely find leisure to make himself a good officer—an officer fit to be trusted by his regiment on a field of battle, and really on a level with the advancing science of what is very fast becoming a highly scientific profession. The English Volunteers, indeed, showed from the beginning far better sense than the Americans show in the selection of their officers. They did not take stump orators. They took all the old soldiers they could get, and, when they could not get old soldiers, they took men whose social position had given them some habits of command, and who had the highest social pledges to offer for their good behaviour before an enemy. There is little reason to fear that any officer of an English Volunteer Corps will ever ride up to his men and tell them that they are "licked into a 'cocked hat.'" But this is not a matter to be left in the slightest degree to chance—it is the vital point of the Volunteer system. MACAULAY, in his posthumous volume, has bequeathed to us a long tirade against militia and volunteers and in favour of standing armies. As usual, he exaggerates all the facts on one side and leaves out all those on the other. Among the facts on which he mainly relies is the defeat of the Roman militia by the regular army of HANNIBAL. But what was it that really led to the disasters of Thrasymene and Cannæ? It was not the inferiority of the troops, but the inexperience, inefficiency, and presumption of citizen commanders. The very same troops under better commanders were, at the very same time, beating another part of HANNIBAL's army in Spain; and no sooner had FLAMINIUS and VARRO been replaced by competent generals, and those generals retained for a reasonable time in their command, than the tide of victory turned against HANNIBAL's regulars and in favour of the "three months' men" of Rome. No one, therefore, need be deterred from becoming a volunteer, nor need any volunteer feel uncomfortable in his uniform, in consequence of what has occurred. But all volunteers may lay to heart the two great lessons which they have been taught at the expense of their cousins—strict drill and trustworthy officers. The third great lesson which this colossal smash preaches—that of subordination—is happily not so much required here.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

THE appointment of Lord ELGIN as Governor-General of India has been generally approved. No rival candidate could have possessed equal experience of provincial admi-

nistration and diplomacy, and the discretion which has been successfully exhibited in many difficult situations is properly made available for the duties of the highest Viceregal office. The best proof of Lord ELGIN's considerable abilities is to be found in the uniform prosperity of his career. That the public service is best conducted by functionaries who are fortunate was rather a conclusion from experience than a Roman superstition. In the conventional formula of eulogy—*pius, felix, fortisque*—the second attribute, to a certain extent, includes the supplementary virtues. The statesman or general who is habitually lucky is assuredly so far pious and brave that he is neither a reprobate nor a coward. The future GOVERNOR-GENERAL has visited the cities of the East and West, and made himself acquainted with their ways of thought; and in the varying circumstances of his life he has thus far never been found wanting. It is only at home that the ex-Governor and Ambassador has sometimes been thought to misunderstand the mode of dealing with equals. English peers and leaders of party look with undazzled eyes on returned pro-consuls, even if they fully appreciate their distant services; but if Lord ELGIN can accomplish his five or six years' reign in India without any important mistake, he will be allowed hereafter, within reasonable limits, to celebrate his own achievements. He acquired his first reputation as Governor of Jamaica, and in Canada he understood with ready tact the opportunities of influence which remained for the representative of the Crown under the new and experimental system of responsible Government. During his long administration, conflicting parties and races were made sensible of a superior control without finding any occasion to complain of executive encroachment. It may be doubted whether the future history of Canada will have been perceptibly moulded by Lord ELGIN's policy, for the feuds of Orangeman and Roman Catholic, of English and of French, still rage with chronic malignity. Probably he did all that was possible and useful by keeping the colony for some years in good humour with the Imperial Government. It required unusual dexterity and temper to accept for the first time the embarrassing and delicate position of Constitutional Viceroy.

In his Chinese missions, Lord ELGIN proved that he was as competent to overrule subtle and refined Asiatics as to conciliate quarrelsome colonists and to manage unpractised Assemblies. At Canton, in the Peiho, and ultimately at Pekin, he made a vigorous use of his naval and military resources, without for a moment forgetting that the sole object of victory was to conquer a peace. On his way to China, he had an opportunity of rendering a considerable service to the country, by detaching the troops under his control to the assistance of the Indian Government. It is true that, under the same circumstances, any other Plenipotentiary would necessarily have adopted a similar course; but there is a wide distinction between an act and a possibility, and Lord ELGIN may perhaps be excused for his not unfrequent allusions to a decision which, if it was neither doubtful nor difficult, was at least practically useful. The Chinese negotiations furnish a worthier subject for complacent reflection. The conditions which were extorted from the defeated enemy are scarcely regarded even by philanthropists as excessive, and the merchants of Hong Kong and Shanghai have seldom complained that they were inadequate. In the difficult intercourse with Chinese officials, Lord ELGIN seems never to have neglected or exaggerated the ceremonious observances which are so curiously mixed up with Eastern diplomacy. His resolution and his contempt for idle clamour were exemplified by his deliberate destruction of an Imperial palace as a compensation for the outrages which had been inflicted on English prisoners. The friendly relations which were constantly maintained with the French and Russian ambassadors also indicate good temper, good breeding, and knowledge of the world. Fitness for the great office of Governor-General can only be proved by successful administration, but there is reason to believe that Lord ELGIN will, in his new sphere of activity, not be easily duped or alarmed. It may be hoped that his administration will be peaceful, but if it should unhappily be necessary to vindicate the Imperial authority by arms, the Governor-General is not unacquainted with the organization or conduct of a campaign.

Lord CANNING went to Calcutta with a reputation to make or to justify, and he has more than realized the expectations which were formed by his friends and political associates. His tenure of office commenced with the fairest prospects of tranquillity, but before he had time to master the routine of his laborious duties, the greatest danger which has ever

menaced the English Government suddenly swept over India. The blunders which caused or precipitated the mutiny can scarcely be attributed to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. The military authorities were responsible for the obnoxious cartridges; and it was Lord DALHOUSIE who, after the annexation of Oude, had, against his will, left an insufficient English garrison in the central and North-west provinces. Lord CANNING was perhaps justly censured for his slowness in perceiving the danger after the first acts of insubordination at Barrackpore; but even if the extent of the rebellion had been foreseen, the means of immediate repression were altogether wanting. In consequence of the actual distribution of the loyal troops, the basis of military operations was on the Sutlej, and not on the Hoogly. The Punjab had fortunately a ruler who was equal to the occasion, and it fell to the lot of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE to prepare the force which reconquered Delhi and ultimately saved the Empire. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL, on his side, displayed untiring activity in forwarding reinforcements and stores to the theatre of war; but his great and inestimable merit consisted in his calm and undisturbed resolution. The Europeans of Calcutta, and the press which reflects their passions, were at the same time angry and terrified, and they denounced the Government in the loudest tones for hesitating to take a bloody revenge for exaggerated or apocryphal outrages. Lord CANNING, in the worst of times, was neither frightened nor irritated, and he steadily kept in view the object of reclaiming to loyalty the population which his volunteer counsellors would willingly have exterminated. Lord CLYDE, the most competent judge of his manly nerve and bearing, has often repeated that he has seldom or never known courage equal to Lord CANNING's. The influence of his firmness on the minds of the natives almost counterbalanced the unfavourable impression which was produced by the violence and terror of the non-official English population.

After the suppression of the mutiny, and during the reconquest of Oude, Lord CANNING attempted to carry out the policy of Lord DALHOUSIE by sequestering the possessions of the rebel aristocracy. It was evidently his purpose not to change the ownership of the great properties, but to modify the tenure, and to render it conditional on the loyalty of the holders. The Home Government, on plausible grounds, disapproved of this measure, or of the form under which it was announced; and, after many changes of system, it has been determined to govern Oude by the aid of the great landowners, instead of asserting the rights of the peasantry, who scarcely appreciated the efforts which were formerly made for their benefit. Since the conclusion of peace, Lord CANNING has received the homage of all the princes and nobles of the North-west, and he has liberally recompensed the potentates who in the hour of danger remained faithful to the Imperial Government. In domestic administration, he has been to a great extent relieved from financial responsibility by the Members of Council who have been specially appointed to the charge of the Treasury. His conduct of ordinary business seems to have given general satisfaction; and on his return he will leave a solid reputation behind him, although he may not be placed on the level of Lord WELLESLEY, or even of Lord DALHOUSIE. Lord ELGIN's arrival will raise high expectations, which he will probably have the good sense in the first instance to disappoint by an unpretending devotion to the regular conduct of affairs. Two or three years must elapse before a Governor-General can venture on an original policy, and when he has mastered the knowledge necessary to his office, it is usually his wisest course to abstain from startling acts and arduous enterprises.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

WHILE the Southern States of America are hugging the conviction that "Cotton is King," the North is rapidly arriving at the parallel conclusion that Finance is supreme. It is a great blessing that war is an extremely costly plaything. National loans and national taxes must grow with the growth of military enterprises, and it is fortunate that so effective a governor exists to limit the express speed of the political steam-engine. The Budget of the Federal Government is the crucial experiment which will test the strength and the resolution of the enthusiasts for the maintenance of the Washington constitution. Congress has shown no hesitation in facing the difficulty which confronts the Federal cause; but the bombastic affectation of voting more men and more money than the Executive in its most extravagant mood had ventured to

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demand, is a very different thing from the patient endurance of taxation and the patriotic liberality which will be needed to furnish the needful supplies for the campaign. What effect the disaster at Bull's Run may produce on the enthusiasm of the wealthier classes, which had already shown symptoms of waning, remains to be proved, and it is upon this that the issue of the contest is certain to depend. Nothing is easier than to vote a loan of 500,000,000 dollars and a levy of 500,000 men; but if the money is not forthcoming, and the army cannot be fed and maintained in military efficiency, the little business of stamping out the rebellion will have to stand over indefinitely. The most interesting question at this moment to those who are anxious to foresee the upshot of the civil war in America, is whether the projected loan has any chance of being raised, and whether the renewed demands which must be made in each successive year of the struggle are at all likely to meet with a favourable response.

Assuming the solidity of the national credit, there would be scarcely any more difficulty in raising 100,000,000 than in procuring a tenth part of the amount, though the price to be paid must in any case advance with the magnitude of the operation. If the United States can convince capitalists that they have both good security and ample interest to offer, they may make the whole world tributary to their necessities; but the proceedings of Congress, coupled with past experience, will scarcely prevail with any who are not biased by what passes in New York for patriotic spirit. The proposed loan will carry interest at a nominal rate of 6 per cent.; but in the Bill as it passed the House of Representatives an alternative power to issue the whole amount in Treasury notes bearing 9 per cent. interest was thought necessary to secure the success of the operation. This proposition has been rejected by the Senate; but it affords some indication of the scale of interest on which it is expected that the new loan can be negotiated. The present quotation of United States securities is such as to pay as nearly as possible 7 per cent., and this at a time when money is being advanced to private traders out of the plethoric hoards of the New York banks at 3 and 4 per cent. The most favourable anticipation as to the amount of the annual charge for the new loan must bring it up to something between seven and nine millions sterling; and when it is remembered that the credit of some of the component States is far below that which the Federal Government has hitherto commanded, it is by no means impossible that it will be found necessary to submit even to more onerous terms. But, assuming the whole amount to be raised, the interest to be met on account of the first war loan will be about 8,000,000.; and the questions which capitalists will ask themselves are, whether the means provided by Congress are sufficient to cover the amount, and whether the hitherto unsullied good faith of the Federal Government will, under the peculiar circumstances of the present and in the eventualities which a few years may bring about, be able to sustain itself against the temptation to repudiate which has occasionally triumphed over the honesty of more than one of its component States. In other words, will the United States be able to pay the interest on the loan, and if able, will they always be willing to do so?

That there is abundant wealth in the New England and Western States to bear a much heavier burden than the loan will entail cannot be doubted, but there is a limit to the amount of taxation which the central Government can venture to impose without the risk of shaking the allegiance of one or the other section of the States which at present remain faithful to the Union. The secession of the South is quite as much an affair of tariffs as a dispute about slavery. The Western States have an interest in matters of taxation almost as much opposed to the protective policy of New England as that of the Slave States themselves, and the selfish eagerness which the Eastern manufacturers have shown to increase the stringency of the existing tariff is ominous of future dissensions which may lead to the secession of the West from the same causes which have occasioned the present schism between North and South. All that Congress has yet done to cover by taxation the anticipated charge of the debt is to add to the heavy customs duties which the West can scarcely endure, and to impose an income-tax on the basis of a calculated revenue of 4,000,000. This is not a very strong reed to lean upon, but a large portion even of this provision exists only on paper.

With a whimsical persistency in ignoring the existence of a Confederation which has defeated them in a pitched battle, the United States in Congress have apportioned the property-tax among all the States of the old Union, so that a little more than one half of the estimated revenue is all that they can pretend to reckon upon. Some 2,000,000, therefore, is the produce to be expected from direct taxation, and the rest of the deficiency is to be covered by an additional ten per cent. on the oppressive Merrill Tariff, with some further taxation on articles of general consumption. The tone of the debates does not encourage the hope that any great increase of taxation beyond the present proposal will meet with the unanimous approval of the East and the West, and capitalists must base their calculations on the probability, such as it may be, of this provision proving adequate for the requirements of what may be a war of long duration. The doubtful sufficiency of these resources seems to have been felt by the Unionists themselves; and while the Executive is staving off the evil day by short loans at a high rate of interest, suggestions are being offered for raising the whole or a great part of the necessary funds by an issue of paper nominally convertible, but which must suffer heavy depreciation if the means of cash payment should prove inadequate to support a currency so largely in excess of the requirements of the country. The new paper of the Federal Government would be pretty certain to meet the fate which generally attends such experiments. We have had gold at a premium even in England; and without referring to the case of revolutionary France or absolute Austria, the Americans may foresee the future in the financial history of their own country during the War of Independence.

Even on the assumption that the remaining members of the Union will preserve their connexion and acknowledge their liabilities, it is not as clear as one could wish that it will be in the power of the Washington Government to meet their creditors with punctuality in the trying times which must follow when the excitement of war shall have evaporated. Probably the solvency of the Federal Exchequer may depend largely on the proportion of the loan which may be taken up by their own citizens. Burdens which would be intolerable for the satisfaction of foreign creditors may be endured when the recipients form a large section of those who will have to pay the consequent taxation; and this consideration can scarcely fail to limit the amount of European subscriptions to a sum far below the sanguine hopes of the Americans, if not to exclude the loan altogether from all but Transatlantic markets. When it is remembered that no country except England can boast of a solvency of a century's duration, it cannot be thought a gratuitous insult to weigh the chances of repudiation by a composite State which is liable at any time to decomposition, and which numbers among its constituent elements some communities which have not scrupled to defraud foreign creditors even without the excuse which a state of bankruptcy supplies. It is to no purpose to appeal to the honourable fulfilment of past Federal engagements as a guarantee for future obligations, for, however exalted may be the notions of the Northerners at present as to the indestructible nature of their Confederation, it is impossible to say that the Southern State-rights heresy may not at some future epoch sever yet another section from the political union and the financial obligations of the central Government.

With so many elements of hazard environing it, the new loan can scarcely be floated except at a price which we should consider most extravagant; and the result of the experiment, whatever it may be, will probably afford a better index of the duration and the issue of the contest than even the panic of Manassas and the alacrity with which the first batch of Northern Volunteers have claimed their strict right to return home at the moment when their services were most required. One device, indeed, remains for aiding the financial measures of the Executive, the very suggestion of which by high financial authorities in America is a proof of the weakness of the Federalist position. It is hinted that the United States may pledge specific sources of revenue to secure the interest and to effect the redemption of the war loan. Turkey has availed herself of this aid to a doubtful credit. Mexico and other States have done the same; but the security must rest at last on the solvency and good faith of the country which offers it, and is not one which is commonly supposed to be consistent with a very high state of financial estimation. What energy can do will no doubt be done by the

United States to carry through an operation absolutely essential to the continuance of the war ; but even if they triumph over the immediate difficulty, they will learn the lesson which experience has long since taught the older States of Europe—that financial trouble is the inevitable consequence of gratifying the passion for war and conquest.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE ON MEN AND THINGS.

THE provincial mind of Liskeard must have been considerably mystified the other day by Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's review of the session. Perhaps the most distinct impression produced by that lively, though unsatisfactory sketch of political men and things in the month of August, 1861, will have been that the electors of the little Cornish borough showed great discernment in their choice of an uncommonly clever representative, whose merits nevertheless are most imperfectly appreciated by the chiefs of the party which he adorns. They will also have acquired a strong general notion that the affairs of the country are somehow very badly managed, and that, with few and dubious exceptions, the public men of the day are not to be trusted. At the same time, there may be room in sceptical minds for a vague misgiving that the "talented" member himself is not entirely sound on all the articles of the Radical faith. Both the great parties in the State have, it appears, "treated the question of Parliamentary Reform with a good deal of insincerity;" yet Mr. OSBORNE's own zeal in the cause is very far indeed from being obtrusively displayed. He has "always voted for the 'Ballot," but he "doubts the propriety of bringing a subject "of this kind forward year after year," and delicately hints that Mr. BERKELEY does not understand his business. He is "sorry to say that Reform is at a discount," but he omits to indicate any mode of remedying a state of things which evidently by no means disturbs his equanimity. The failure of the Church-rate Abolition Bill is set down to the "injudicious zeal" of advocates whose defeat is very mildly deplored ; and Mr. OSBORNE's sole contribution to the settlement of "the trumpery question" consists in the easy suggestion that it is "the duty of the Government to bring in a measure for the abolition of the "obnoxious impost." He adopts, as we shall presently see, the characteristic claptraps of the Financial Reform sect ; but he has a very poor opinion of the Financial Reformers, who, as he justly remarks, have "acted very ridiculously" in denouncing extravagance in the gross and submissively voting extravagant estimates in detail. As for the Cabinet, he has the painful satisfaction of thinking that it is lamentably weak, and that the recent partial reconstruction has made its prospects for the future worse rather than better. After this, it must have been an agreeable surprise to Liskeard to learn that its representative "does not despair of "the Liberal cause," but looks forward to a day when "the "old Liberal banner will be once more unfurled"—on which propitious, though seemingly remote occasion, Mr. OSBORNE "will be found at his post."

All this must have been the reverse of reassuring to the "earnest and advanced" section of the orator's local admirers. There was one subject, however, on which he spoke with a breadth and emphasis that leaves little to be desired. It must be inconvenient to the most versatile and light-hearted of popular members to be altogether without a political creed for platform use ; and, in default of better, Mr. OSBORNE has taken up with Manchester and Mr. GLADSTONE, whom he oddly promotes to the dignity of "Grand Vizier" of the Liberal party. He has apparently convinced himself that "peace and retrenchment" is the true line just now for an advanced Liberal, and it must be admitted that he displays all his characteristic facility and cleverness in echoing the cant of the school to which he has so suddenly attached himself. We do not recollect that Mr. OSBORNE has often felt himself called upon to resist in the House of Commons the profigate expenditure which he now denounces ; but, if his new allies are reasonable, they will overlook a dereliction of duty which is thoroughly in keeping with their own estimate of Parliamentary responsibilities. He unquestionably comes out very strongly in the unfamiliar part which he has undertaken at the shortest possible notice. It is an awful thing, he tells us, that the country should be spending 76,000,000^l. sterling in a single year, especially when one thinks how the money is spent. Iron-cased ships, fortifications, rifled cannon, and the rest of it, are an abomination in the eyes of every enlightened patriot.

Mr. OSBORNE, indeed, "glories in the Volunteer movement," but then he more than hints that it originated in, and is sustained by, a pernicious and wicked delusion. He "depresents the attempt to inflame the passions of the people" against the most pacific and inoffensive of neighbours, and cannot contain his indignation at the conduct of those who, for unprincipled purposes of their own, are "continually pointing to France as a bugbear." Why this unreasonable and ungenerous distrust of an ally who merely keeps Europe in perpetual hot water by his intrigues and menaces, and who has really done nothing worse against England than prepare to dispute with us the command of our own Channel ? We are "unjust in our suspicions." The French are a thoroughly peace-loving people, without the slightest taste for military glory or territorial aggrandizement, and their EMPEROR is a very nice Emperor. What if he has annexed Savoy and Nice, and seized the outworks of Switzerland ? What if he keeps Italy divided and disorganized by his aggressive occupation of her capital ? What if he is building an iron-cased navy which can have no conceivable use or object except with reference to a meditated war against some first-rate maritime Power ? He has "manifested a disposition to cultivate the good graces of this "country," as well as to contest its naval supremacy. He has not only appropriated the provinces of an ally as a bonus for engaging in an unprovoked war—he has also made a commercial treaty, and "paid a special compliment" to England by abolishing passports." Why, then, "should we be hounded on from day to day?" Why "inflame men's minds with stories of battles?" Why "wake up national prejudices?" This is what comes of a "spirited foreign policy." The simple fact that none of these things have ever been done by any responsible public man—that nobody dreams of hounding on the English nation against any potentate or people on the face of the earth—that all our naval and other armaments are purely defensive, and still bear a very inadequate proportion to those of our excellent friend and ally—that the "spirited foreign policy" merely consists in an earnest endeavour to maintain the existing distribution of European power, and to discourage interference in the domestic affairs of other countries—is naturally regarded by the Radical orator as altogether immaterial. The exigencies of platform rhetoric required that truth should be left entirely out of the question ; and the denunciation of the present PREMIER as "a "most expensive Minister" would have been wholly ineffective if the orator had felt it incumbent on him to explain that costly naval armaments have been forced on a reluctant Parliament and country by the plainest and most urgent necessities of self-protection.

It would be idle to argue gravely with a speaker to whom few persons will impute serious political convictions of any sort, and whose simulated fanaticism on behalf of a creed which he erroneously believes to be popular is merely a rather clumsy piece of acting. It is unnecessary to remark that not one word of this tirade against national extravagance would have been uttered if the "most expensive Minister" had been more successful in his recent search for "outside men fit for office." Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT are unquestionably sincere in their expressed desire that the country should be left undefended, but no one out of Liskeard imagines that Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's rhetorical advocacy of the Manchester policy has any deeper source than dissatisfaction with existing political arrangements. We simply learn from his speech that, being free from official ties, he is willing to take up any cry of which political capital may perchance be made ; and that he thinks it expedient to declaim against a public expenditure in the responsibility of which he has not been invited to share. The "continued confidence" which Liskeard, as it seems, has "voted by acclamation" to a representative who suddenly discovers, in the first week of the recess, that the estimates which he has assisted to pass were flagitiously exorbitant, has certainly been earned on surprisingly cheap terms. It has yet to be seen whether the new disciple of the Manchester School will remain long enough in his present mood of mind to become either a useful ally or a formidable rival of the agitators whose unpatriotic extravagances he copies and exaggerates. We scarcely imagine that the regular practitioners are in any danger of finding their patent seriously infringed by the interloper whose services to the cause of peace and retrenchment are thus far limited to a single platform speech.

IRELAND IN 1851 AND 1861.

A PERIOD of steadily advancing prosperity affords but little scope for demonstrative eloquence, and it is perhaps the strongest testimony to the well-being of Ireland that she can get up nothing more exciting than the statistical speech in which Lord CARLISLE summed up the progress of the last decade. It is partly owing to the extremely low point which Irish depression had touched in 1851 that the immense improvement which has since taken place in her condition was possible, and the same circumstance has prevented the full appreciation of what has been effected. If the England of 1861 had made as great a relative advance when compared with her position ten years ago as Ireland has done, all the world would be filled with astonishment at her amazing progress. But Ireland started from so low a point, and has still so much ground to make up in all material and some moral elements of civilization, that it is difficult to realize how very rapidly she has been improving since the time when statesmen of all parties had almost begun to despair of her recovery. If you have tolerable luck, you may go now from one end of the island to the other without hearing a word of treason, or seeing more than a reasonable percentage of the population without coats to their backs. Agrarian murders are not more common in Ireland than extraordinary crimes have recently been among ourselves. Labourers are paid more than double the wages they could obtain before the last Census, and at least half as much as can be earned on this side of the Channel. Farming is conducted on a system very different from the traditional rotation of a crop of potatoes and a fallow of couch grass. There is not so much as a bread riot or a faction fight to be seen for six months together; and even the Pious and Immortal Memory is becoming at last a rather dull tradition which is scarcely worth fighting about. Now that the Galway Company has got on its legs again, there is not a domestic grievance left which would furnish the most affluent of Milesian orators with a subject for ten minutes' declamation. All these changes make Ireland a very unexciting, well-to-do sort of place to visit; and, indeed, the work of the last decade is much more obvious on the spot to the eye and the ear than from the most careful perusal of Irish statistics. It is true there is much to be gleaned even from Blue-books and returns; but such figures as Lord CARLISLE quoted show, at most, but half the truth. The area of cultivation, for instance, in spite of occasional fluctuations either in the extent of crop or in the accuracy of the returns, exhibits a sufficiently marked increase—the average addition being about a million acres in ten years. But a better test of the wealth of the farming class is to see how their land is stocked, and here we find the astonishing increase in value of 12,000,000*l.* in the last twenty years. There can be no doubt that the farmers, at any rate, must be prospering as they never did before; and as the greater part of the country is exclusively agricultural, this would be decisive as to the general progress of the whole community, even if the industry of Belfast had not been yet more successful in the development of manufactures. It may be said these statistics tell us nothing of the masses. But there are accounts which gauge the condition of society in its lowest as well as at its highest levels. If we have returns of rent and wealth and cultivation to test prosperity, we have also returns of crime and pauperism to point out how much still remains of the misery which once seemed indigenous to Ireland. All these tell the same tale. In the most serious class of crimes the LORD-LIEUTENANT was able to boast of a reduction of sixty per cent. since 1850, while in the same interval the cost of poor-law relief had fallen to one-half of its former amount.

The same symptoms of progress appear in a thousand different shapes. Down and Armagh are not, it is true, fair average specimens of Irish counties; still it would be difficult to pick out any two English counties of which it could be said, as it was of them, that the school attendance amounts to one in six of the whole population. The strange thing in the midst of all this prosperity and progress is to see the population declining at the rate of three-quarters of a million in a period of ten years. According to the old received theories, no population could be retrograde, or even stationary, until it had reached the very depths of wretchedness. Up to the very eve of the famine of 1846, the Irish population had gone on increasing in spite of the abject poverty of the great majority of the race. Ill-lodged, ill-clad, and ill-fed, they had not touched the stationary con-

dition; and now, when the whole picture is reversed, nothing will keep their numbers even at the moderate standard to which the famine brought them down. Whatever cause of regret this may be to recruiting sergeants who have lost their best preserve, we cannot comprehend why it should be made the subject of lamentation, as it is, by those who remain in the country. The emigration has, in fact, been the salvation of Ireland; and until a man's labour will bring in to the full as much in Ireland as elsewhere, why should the departure of a certain proportion of the working-classes be regarded as anything but a blessing to those who remain? Of course any amount of sentiment may be extracted out of the figures of the Census return; and if Irishmen were not well occupied just now with their own prosperity, there is no saying what appeals to European sympathy might not be made on behalf of an oppressed nation dwindling away, year after year, under the dominion of the Saxon. It would be more satisfactory to see Ireland so attractive that no foreign country could tempt away her people; and, thanks to the Exodus itself, she has made very considerable strides towards this desirable goal; but, in the meantime, the very best thing that can happen is that the emigration should follow its natural course. The power of the nation must, to some extent, suffer by the loss of her people, and we would rather see a stout Irishman in a British regiment than in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Potomac. Yet these are not Irish but Imperial considerations—the emigration, so far as Ireland itself is concerned, being an unmixed benefit at any rate to the labouring classes. It is a proof, too, of a more aspiring tone of mind than the old style of Irish peasant dared to indulge in. The great mass of emigrants in the famine years were driven away by sheer starvation and despair, but there is nothing now to urge an Irishman across the Atlantic except the wholesome ambition to improve his condition, and in some instances the desire to reunite the scattered members of a family, divided, as so many families have been, between Ireland and the United States. In this view, even the so-called unfavourable figures of the Census may be included among the signs of an Irish revival; and if it be a loss that there are fewer of the race at home, this is sufficiently counterbalanced by the improvement both in those who have gone and those who have remained. Ireland is in every sense stronger and better off with somewhat less than six millions of comfortable peasantry, endowed with energy and resolution enough to emigrate, if need be, when they can see their way to benefit by the change, than she was when she boasted eight millions out of whom all ambition had been crushed by the monotonous misery of their existence.

The flood which has set so long from Ireland to America will cease when a common level has been found; and until that time, we ought to reckon the emigration not only as no misfortune, but as having been the chief and indispensable means of bringing about the rapid transition from the suffering of 1846 to the welfare of 1861. It was not without reason that Lord CARLISLE bade Ireland be grateful for the past, alert and emulous for the future; and the time seems at length to have arrived when advice as wholesome as this can be tendered to Ireland without the certainty of its being neglected and despised.

MODERN SERVANTS.

HAD the evils arising from the present condition of domestic service been confined to a more limited class of society than that which is affected by them, they would in all probability have called forth a Reformer ere now. Defoe long since penned a treatise on this identical grievance, the title of which was *Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business*; and the title at least proves that he fully understood the peculiar difficulties presented by the subject. Exceptional grievances are ever those which most readily attract the attention of the public, and the servant question is unfortunately a universal one. The million, who have neither the remotest connexion with Belgrave-square nor the slightest personal interest in the influence of the *Traviata* on the matrimonial projects of Belgravian mothers, are easily agitated by the Pretty Horsebreaker's controversy, while suffering in passive endurance the less piquant but far more practical vexations of the Servants' Hall. These latter, were the serious sentiments of the British householder fairly ascertained, might probably be set down as the representative grievance of the present day—a grievance perhaps all the more real from its lack of the romantic element. Like the complaint of the old woman, "that she had had a many mercies in life, but that they had been all taken out of her in corns," their affliction derives all its force from unadorned reality; nor, in fact, can we conceive an apter parallel to the annoyance caused by modern servants

and their perpetual migrations, than that which would arise from a constant succession of new boots. This never satisfied craving for change of situation is a new symptom of the old complaint treated of by Swift and Defoe, for, within the memory of those now living, the class referred to, if not in other respects more faultless than at present, formed at least the most abiding portion of the family. The sons went forth from the Hall to follow their several professions, and the daughters married, but the furthest range of the old butler and housekeeper was to the Lodge, which probably supplied their successors, or to the adjoining churchyard, where the headstone erected by the Squire told of their long and faithful services. Their spelling was truly anything but an exact science. Their characters, fortunately for them, depended on other data than those which modern sagacity professes to detect in handwriting. Of the knowledge now sown broadcast by books they had next to nothing, and of that derived from practical experience the supply was as limited as their opportunities and desire for change. The reform of navigation suggested by a groom of the old school, who on his first sea-trip was heard to mutter between paroxysms of sea-sickness, "Stupid fools, why don't they go along the furrows," was perhaps an average sample of the scientific knowledge then possessed by most of his kind.

This enduring character of service was, it is true, less a virtue than an obligation enforced by circumstances. But the qualities to which it naturally gave rise were not the less domestic advantages of the first, if only virtues of the second degree of merit. It might be that the picturesque character of the relationship arose in a great measure from a state purely accidental—that it may have really signified little more than that service, having no open market, was both raised and consumed on the premises. Still, even in the chance companionship of a long journey, the accident is happy which calls forth the social qualities essential to make a long journey durable. The more limited the space occupied by fellow-travellers the more imperative the necessity for a friendly adjustment of feet and elbows with a view to mutual accommodation. The master and servant who were not to part company till the journey of life was completed had equally good reasons for learning mutual forbearance and consideration. Circumstances were favourable to what the French would term mutuality between the parties, and mutuality developed an affectionate relationship which rendered the engagements of service in practice, if not in law, as indissoluble as those of matrimony are the Divorce Court supplied to ill-assorted couples a *Deus ex machina* in Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

The question naturally arises, why a condition so little remote from the present in point of time is as alien to it in point of fact as if severed from us by centuries? The few survivors of the old order of things who still exist among us will in another generation have become wholly extinct; while, as regards the future of the race who will form their successors, we leave Messrs. Darwin and Buckle to predicate the development of the servant proper into the American help. To those who cannot see farther than existing results it is something at least to recognise their true causes. False sentimentalism would doubtless fall back on the degeneracy of human nature. But the degeneracy of human nature is just as accountable for the decrease of the snipe and the extinction of the bustard in lands where the fen is drained and the waste enclosed. We may perhaps discover, on a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, a more tangible cause in the extension of Free-trade to the Service Market. Fifty years ago, a few straggling advertisements were the sole precursors of the columns which bear the now familiar heading, "Want Places." The daily list which includes every variety of domestic—from the humble maid-of-all-work to the French cook who, at the salary of a Colonial bishop, undertakes the office of Minister to the interior of the veteran gourmet—had for our grandfathers no existence. The effect produced by the perusal of that list on the servant of the present day resembles that of Bradshaw and Murray on the expectant tourist, in rendering the geography of service but too temptingly familiar. The pleasures of hope which induce Paterfamilias to exchange the comforts of his own fireside for annoyances such as only Paterfamilias in the character of tourist is capable of suffering, have an equally powerful effect in inducing Mary to better herself. Service, formerly regarded in the light of a permanent investment, has become a lottery in which each speculator ventures a succession of petty stakes, and the difficulty of fixing our domestic Mercury has supplied a nineteenth century travestie to the problem of the alchemist. Except in the remote villages which still boast a mop and statute-fair for hiring service, railway communication has practically merged the country market in the metropolitan. Like the supply of fish in a seaport town whose salesmen have opened relations with Billingsgate, the choice of servants, except through the medium of the London market, is getting more and more limited, and the objection to take country situations increases in an equal ratio. London disintegrates our country households much after the fashion of the Loadstone Island which drew the nails and loosened the timber of poor Sinbad's vessel. The raw country lad, reclaimed by careful training from his original sin of breaking all that he lays hands on and upsetting everything he comes near, naturally carries the results of our careful training and the physical improvements due to a carnivorous diet, to the place where six feet and a pair of stout calves find the highest marketable value.

This facility for change is backed by a notoriously lax system of morality in giving and requiring characters—a system which

renders it probably safer to take an applicant direct from the Reformatory than from a tradesman's recommendation or a Domestic Agency Office. The effect is the virtual emancipation of the servant from his employer's control, where change of situation is easier than conforming to the requirements of a dissatisfied master. The mistress who endeavours to establish any sort of regulation on the subject of dress has simply to expect that her maid will give instant warning. The Duke who would interfere with certain established arrangements between his butler and wine-merchant does it at the risk of being blackballed at the Servants' Club, and of drawing down an interdict involving a temporary Curse of Kehama on his household arrangements.

Unfortunately, while the discipline of the old school of service has vanished with its enduring character, modern education has at present done little to find a substitute. Its effect, indeed, as is often the case with the first exhibition of powerful medicine, is rather to cause an aggravation of the symptoms which it professes to remedy. It has induced a low type of civilization more ludicrous and inconvenient in its results than pure barbarism. It has produced a state resembling that wherein the savage has lost the instincts of his primitive nature without acquiring the equivalents and discipline of artificial life. After all, servant-glamour is but a parallel phase to that of the half-reclaimed barbarian. The same mysterious law which, under an African temperature, prompts the King of the Amazoolos to decorate his naked majesty with a beadle's hat, in our own climate stimulates the cook to trick herself out with crinoline and Birmingham jewellery. In the lady's-maid it induces the superhuman sensitiveness which rivals that of Hans Christian Andersen's Real Princess, who vindicated her claim to the title by instantly detecting the presence of a pea under three feather beds. We have heard, indeed, of a modern *femme de chambre* who actually refused to make use of a chamber service of simple white, on the score of its being beneath the dignity of one who had never stooped to anything short of coloured crockery. The incident, which we fully credit, is not the less worthy of Fielding or Rabelais for being suggestive of the refinement of Utopia—a country where, as the reader may perhaps recollect, utensils of that description were composed of pure gold.

The inconsistency apparent in the avidity with which domestic service is sought for as an employment, and the eagerness with which it is abandoned, is in truth only on the surface. On the one hand, the toil of the domestic is easy as compared with that of the day-labourer, his responsibility is light weighed against that of the clerk, and danger forms no element in his employment, as in that of the miner. With less capital than is required to start a costermonger on his rounds, and no costlier education than that of the National School, he fares infinitely better than the middle-class tradesman who has sunk a small fortune in his shop and stock, to say nothing of the premium paid on his apprenticeship. The relative advantages of the position of the curate and butler have passed into a proverb. Servants are probably the best-paid class in the community, and meat and money, always powerful attractions, are now more than ever abundant. On the other hand, the modern relationship between master and dependent is confessedly wanting in that sympathy which formerly gave a moral tone to their connexion, and this destruction of the dignity of true service has exaggerated the value of a state of independence. A passage from the *Bubbles of the Brunnen* is at once a comment on, and a key to, the phenomena of attraction and repulsion exhibited at the present moment. There are no points of contrast between England and Germany, observes Sir Francis Head, more remarkable than that in the one country servants humbly dressed and humbly fed live in a sort of honourable intercourse with their masters, while, in the other, servants highly powdered and grossly fed are treated *de haut en bas* in a manner which is not to be seen on the Continent. This contrast between the England and Germany of the present day is much that presented by England of the eighteenth and England of the nineteenth centuries. Hence comes it that, while the account between master and man is settled with meat and money, the account between them as man and man is in a quite insolvent condition, and hence the ever-present element of dissolution in a partnership not long ago pre-eminently enduring in its character.

MR. FROUDE'S DISCOVERIES IN THE ARCHIVES OF SIMANCAS.

MR. FROUDE has given us in *Fraser* "A few more Words from the Archives of Simancas." He produces some of De Quadra's letters, including the one in which the Bishop states himself to have been informed by Cecil of the objectionable intimacy subsisting between Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley, and of their machinations against the life of Amy Robsart. So far as De Quadra is a credible witness, this letter bears out in the main Mr. Froude's statements on these points. The most material part of it is as follows:—

After this conversation with the Queen, I spoke with the secretary, Cecil, who told me that he was in disgrace, and that my Lord Robert was endeavouring to procure his dismissal from office. With no great difficulty I induced him to speak openly with me; and after many protestations and entreaties that I would be secret, he informed me that the Queen was conducting herself in so strange a manner that he intended to resign. It was a bad sailor, he said, who, when he saw some great storm impending, did not make for harbour if he could, and the Queen's proceedings with the Lord Robert were bringing her to certain perdition. The Lord Robert had made

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himself master of the Government and of the Queen's person, to the extreme injury of the whole realm, designing to marry her—and she herself, he said, was shut up all day in the palace in peril of health and life. The English nation, he added, would never consent to such a union, and he had therefore made up his mind to retire, although he supposed they would sooner send him to the Tower than give him leave to go.

He concluded at last with entreating me, for the love of God, to remonstrate with the Queen about her disorderly conduct, to dissuade her, if I could, from a course which was so absolutely ruinous, and to bid her remember herself and the realm. Twice he said to me my Lord Robert would be better in Paradise than here.

I expressed my deep regret at his communication. He could bear me witness, I said, how anxiously I had endeavoured always to keep the Queen in a straight course, as the King my master had commanded me.

He went on that she was running enormously into debt, never heeding where the money was to come from. She had ruined her credit, and had lost the chance of obtaining supplies from the London merchants, who ought to have been her chief stay and support. Finally, he told me that they intended to murder Robert's wife, that at present it was given out that she was ill, though she was not ill at all, but very well, and was taking good care not to be poisoned. God, he said, would surely never permit so great a crime, nor could good success be looked for from so evil a business.

I assured him again of my sincere sorrow, and of my hopes that the Queen might amend her ways. I said nothing to commit myself, although I am quite sure that he was speaking honestly, and was not attempting to deceive me.

This business of the secretary cannot but produce some great effect, because it is terrible. There are many other persons who share his discontent, especially the Duke of Norfolk, whom he named to me as one of those who were most indignant, and most hostile to Lord Robert, as indeed he is.

The day after this, the Queen, as she was returning from the chase, told me that the Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me that I would not mention it. Whatever the truth be, and whatever is going to be, beyond question it is matter of scandal and shame; yet with all this I cannot feel sure that she will marry him immediately, or even that she will marry at all. Her thoughts are not steady enough, and, as Cecil says, she will act like her father.

The interests of Christendom will not suffer from the quarrels of these people among themselves, especially from the retirement of Cecil. Worse minister for our interests we can have none. But some great revolution may result from it easily enough; they will very likely send the Queen to the Tower, make a king of that arch-heretic the Earl of Huntingdon, and as your Majesty will never help them in a business so much against religion and in favour of the unbelievers, they may throw themselves into the arms of the French.

One qualification of Mr. Froude's previous summary of this letter is required. In that summary he said, "She (Elizabeth) had made Lord Robert Dudley 'master of the Government and of her own person.'" The obvious meaning of the last words was that Elizabeth had forfeited the "purity" which in his history, Mr. Froude had pronounced it shocking to regard even as an open question. But the words of De Quadra prove to be—"The Lord Robert had made himself master of the Government and of the Queen's person, to the extreme injury of the whole realm, designing to marry her—and she herself, he (Cecil) said, was shut up all day in the palace in peril of health and life." This does not necessarily imply anything more than the forcible detention of the Queen's person by the lover who was intending to marry her. It does not, even granting it to be true, prove that she had lost her honour. It also turns out that De Quadra's letter detailing this extraordinary conversation, or alleged conversation, with Cecil, was not addressed, as Mr. Froude before stated, to Philip, but to the Duchess of Parma. This difference would be of no importance had not Mr. Froude laid it down that De Quadra was, generally speaking, a liar, but that in his communications to his master he spoke the truth. We presume it is this that makes Mr. Froude anxious to assert that the letter, though addressed to the Duchess, "was to be sent on to Philip." He may have independent evidence of this intention on the part of De Quadra; but the letter itself contains none. On the contrary, it desires the Duchess to make certain representations to his Majesty in a manner which rather intimates that it was intended for her own eyes alone.

Mr. Froude has committed another error in regard to this letter. He represented it as stating that "one night, in the autumn of 1560, Cecil came secretly to De Quadra's house, and told him" all these scandalous stories about the Queen's behaviour towards Dudley and the intended murder of Amy Robsart. It turns out that this nocturnal visit is a mere fancy of Mr. Froude's. The conversation appears from the letter to have taken place neither by night nor at De Quadra's house, but in all probability at the Court, since De Quadra describes it as following a conversation which he had with the Queen. "De Quadra's mysterious audiences," says Mr. Froude, in apologizing for his mistake, "were usually at night; and I had imagined that he had described Cecil as coming to him, like his other visitors, in the darkness." It is not a point of much importance, but we may observe that three or four important private interviews with different persons are mentioned by De Quadra in the letters which Mr. Froude has printed, and that not one of these interviews is stated or implied to have taken place by night.

The main question, however, and the only one which we raised in our former article on the subject, still remains to be decided. Are the statements of De Quadra to be believed? Mr. Froude admits him to have been a master of falsehood, but holds that he was veracious in this instance. We look upon this as rather a ticklish distinction, let Mr. Froude be as angry with us as he will. "I said he was a master of falsehood, because, while he uniformly described himself as affecting a good-will towards the Queen, he was really throughout, by his own avowal, labouring to destroy her. I said that he told the truth, because, when the charges against him were investigated, he appealed at last

to Elizabeth's secret conscience, to answer whether he had overstated the truth." We fear we shall appear to Mr. Froude somewhat tenacious, but we should like, before pronouncing on the sufficiency of the proof of De Quadra's veracity, to see the "appeal" and the answer, if any, which Elizabeth made to it. It is a little difficult to understand how De Quadra can have appealed to the Queen's secret conscience for a confirmation of his report of interviews with Cecil at which she was not present.

We pointed out that Mr. Froude's disclosures of the Archives of Simancas had been in some degree anticipated by a paper in the Transactions of the Spanish Historical Society; and that the author of the paper told us, what Mr. Froude did not tell us, that De Quadra had been accused by Elizabeth of being a party to all the plots and disturbances in the kingdom, in consequence of which his recall had been demanded—a circumstance materially affecting his credibility as a witness against the Queen. Mr. Froude tells us that this fact "was not wholly unknown to him," and that "probably no person living knows as much about it." Very likely; but why then did he not give us the benefit of his knowledge? Surely the point was rather material.

There is a difficulty to which we adverted before, and which Mr. Froude has not yet cleared up, though he may have it in his power to do so. Cecil was the arch-enemy of Spain and the Spanish party. "Worse minister," says De Quadra, "than Cecil for our interests we can have none." How came it to pass, then, that the Spanish Government, having in its hands such damning evidence of his having taken part—we may almost say conspired—against his mistress on a most critical occasion, and actually accused her to a foreign ambassador of being a murderer, should have been so kind as to keep the whole thing a dead secret, and allow the head of the Protestant party in England to enjoy Elizabeth's favour to the end of his life?

That we have a right to press Mr. Froude rather closely will be shown by what follows. The most extraordinary statement in his former article was, that on the news of Amy Robsart's death "a Cabinet Council was immediately held," at which "it was proposed to dethrone Elizabeth, and send her at once with Dudley to the Tower." That the astute and wary Cecil should have revealed this fact to the ambassador of a Government to which he was deeply hostile seemed astounding. We observed also that there were no such things as "Cabinet Councils" in those days, and that a meeting of the Privy Council would have included the partisans of Dudley. Mr. Froude seems to consider this objection technical and captious. "The ten or twelve statesmen who conducted the business of the country in the sixteenth century were the exact counterpart of the modern Cabinet." Granting (what we do not grant) that this was the case, ought not the composition of this extraordinary assembly to have been explicitly stated? However, we need not dwell on this or any other question respecting the details of the story, since Mr. Froude is obliged in effect to confess that the whole thing is a mere mare's-nest. "The deliberations of the Council," he says, "which I described as taking place the morning after the news of Amy Robsart's death, were distributed over several weeks. I had read the word 'manera' in the MS. as 'manana,' and given a wrong meaning to a sentence. Lastly, the aims of Cecil's party were not precisely those which I stated them to be. On this point I was fortunate enough to obtain further information." Afterwards he says:—

On the proceedings of the council which followed on the news of Amy Robsart's death, I discovered fresh information, which corrects my previous story in an important respect. The Bishop's letters for the next few weeks are (as I mentioned) themselves missing, and only notes and digests of them remain, in one of which the Bishop was said to have reported "that the intention of Cecil and the heretics to give the crown to Lord Huntingdon was most certain," "que el deseo de Cecil y de aquellos hereges de encaminar el Reyno al Conde de Huntingdon es certissimo." The object, however, was not, after all, to dethrone Elizabeth, at least immediately, but only to force her to declare Lord Huntingdon her successor. "The Bishop reports," says another digest, "that the council are considering a matter of the greatest importance, to make a king of the Earl of Huntingdon in case the Queen should die without children, and that Cecil says the crown belongs to him of right as the descendant of the House of York.

The difference was considerable; being, indeed, the difference between treason and an unpleasant interference with the prerogative. Yet the effect would perhaps have been nearly the same. Again and again the Bishop says that in the face of the feeling which the Queen had provoked against herself, the uncertainty as to what would follow on a revolution was her only security; and that if the country had anything defined to look to, her fall would be instantaneous.

The difference certainly is "considerable" between a Council held on the news of Amy Robsart's death to send the Queen to the Tower as a murderer, and a series of Councils held during several weeks to deliberate on the question of the succession to the Crown. We leave our readers to appreciate for themselves the art with which Mr. Froude shades off one of these two things into the other, and the delicacy with which he "distributes" the Council into non-existence.

In Mr. Froude's previous article it was distinctly implied that this statement about the Council held to dethrone the Queen and send her to the Tower was taken, like the rest of the statements there given, from De Quadra's letters. It now appears that De Quadra's letters for the period following Amy Robsart's death "are missing," and that "only notes and digests of them remain." But in the end of the extract from one of De Quadra's letters which we have above given, our readers will see the words, "But some great revolution may result from it (the retirement of Cecil) easily enough; they will very likely send the Queen to

the Tower, make a King of that arch-heretic the Earl of Huntington, and, as your Majesty will never help them in a business so much against religion and in favour of the unbelievers, they may throw themselves into the arms of the French." These words were written before Amy Robsart's death, the intelligence of which is added in a postscript to the letter. They embody a mere speculation of the writer's own respecting the spirit and tendencies of the Protestant party. Nothing is said about a "Council," nor does the writer cite any authority, much less the authority of Burleigh. Yet we confess it looks to us very much as though this were really the passage which had set Mr. Froude's imagination at work, and led him to produce this strange figment of a Council held to dethrone the Queen, and as though all this mystification about the deliberations of the Council (which we presume, by the way, to have been the *Privy Council*) touching the succession to the Crown, and "unpleasant interferences with the prerogative," were in fact merely part of an attempt to cover an awkward retreat. Mr. Froude placidly contrasts his own candour with the uncandid tenacity of "theological controversialists." Perhaps "theological controversialists" may be inclined to think that the contrast is not so broad as he imagines.

SPELLING.

SOME time ago the world was amused by the appearance of a publication called the *Fonetic Nuz*, the organ of certain people whose object it was to get all words spelled as they are pronounced. Perhaps it would be truer to say, spelled as they were not pronounced, for *News* was to be written *Nuz*; and nothing is more certain than that the letters *nuz* do not at all express to an Englishman the sound of *news*. But anyhow, each sound was to be consistently expressed by the same letter, so that foreigners were no longer to be puzzled by *great* rhyming, not to *treat* and *meat*, but to *hate* and *fate*, and by the infinitely diverse pronunciations of the same letters in *through*, *dough*, *cough*, *rough*, and *Loughborough*. The scheme—by no means the first scheme of the kind—was utterly absurd, and was soon tossed to the winds. Whatever practical convenience it might have had when once established was outweighed, over and over again, with every rational person, by the much greater practical inconvenience of making the change. But a far deeper objection lay behind. To adapt the spelling of a language to the way in which it happens to be pronounced at any particular moment would be simply to destroy the history of the language. To take a very small instance—one of the very words which we have just instanced. *Great* is now all but universally pronounced like *grate*; but here and there an old-fashioned person survives who still clings to the practice of the past generation, which sounded it like *greet*. The *Fonetic Nuz*, which no doubt would express *great* and *grate* by the same spelling, would just destroy this little bit of history, and would commit the world to one only pronunciation of *great*. As it is, *greet* and *grate* are two poles—there is no doubt about either of them. Between them comes the doubtful *great*, which each generation, or even each particular man, may make to rhyme with either of them as he pleases.

The doubtful and inconsistent spelling, or pronunciation—whichever way we choose to put it—of modern English, is simply one of the results, and therefore one of the monuments, of the history of the language. The German spelling and pronunciation are consistent, because the German language has been merely subject to those gradual changes which affect all languages, but has never gone through any such violent revolution as that which in England—not immediately, indeed, but eventually and inevitably—followed the Norman Conquest. Considering all that our language has gone through, it is rather wonderful that it is not far more inconsistent than it is, and that its mutations from its earlier form, and its analogies with its Continental sisters, are, on the whole, so regular as they are. The laws by which particular letters in Low-Dutch answer to particular letters in High-Dutch survive almost unchanged in modern English and modern German. The modern English spelling has also, to a very great extent, changed from the old according to certain fixed laws of change; so that, in either case, a word may be easily translated into its ancient or its kindred form. After the utterly chaotic spelling of the sixteenth century, it is wonderful that we should have settled into a system of spelling and pronunciation so fairly consistent as we have. The chief difficulties arise from the irregular pronunciation of certain vowels, or rather diphthongs, and from the singular variety of ways in which we endeavour to supply the place of the guttural *h*, the German *ch*, which has dropped out of our language, as it would almost seem to be dropping out of German also. We retain it in our spelling, under the form of *gh*, as *Riht*, *recht*, *right*, *Hlihan*, *lachen*, *laugh*, *purk*, *durch*, *through*, but we are driven to the oddest shifts in pronouncing it. Sometimes it vanishes altogether; sometimes it vanishes, but lengthens the vowel before it; sometimes it takes the sound of *f*. Against this, however, we may fairly set the abiding constancy with which we have clung to both our forms of the *th*. The letters *th* and *p* were confounded in spelling at a very early time, and we express both indiscriminately by *th*, but the distinction in sound is accurately preserved by everybody. No one confounds the two sounds of *th* in this thing, but the confusion in spelling was as great when the *Saxon Chronicle* was written as it is now. Meanwhile, every other Teutonic nation, except the Icelanders, has lost the

sounds altogether. In modern German both have vanished from pronunciation, and the soft sound has vanished from spelling. The hard *th* still remains on paper, from which we may infer that, when the present German spelling was fixed, the hard *th* was still sounded, but the soft had already dropped out of use.

Where modern spelling has gone wrong, it has commonly been from mistaking the derivation—sometimes, indeed, from going to the wrong language. Thus *Ea-land*, *iland*, which analogically should be *eyland*, is universally spelled *island*—an *s* having intruded itself from some notion that it has something to do with *isle*, *insula*. The *s* has also intruded itself into *aisle*, where it is no more in its right place—*aisle* clearly coming from *ala*. One of the very oddest changes is this. The common termination *ea* (the same as the first syllable of *eland*) had got to be consistently represented in modern English by *ey*, as in *Pevens-ey*, *Sels-ey*, *Swans-ey*, *Angles-ey*. Latterly the old spelling has been brought in again under a totally false idea. People think the termination is *ea*, and write it accordingly. *Swansea* is now universal, and *Anglesea* is very common—clearly because people suppose the word to be *Swan-sea*, and not, as it really is, *Swans-ea*. But in *Orkn-ey*, as there happens not to be an *ey*, nobody ever thinks of writing *Orknea*.

We remember once incidentally mentioning in a former article how the good old Teutonic word, *Rim*, *reim*, *rime* (exactly analogous to *Win*, *wein*, *wine*), has been distorted into *rhyme*, from a notion of its having something to do with the Greek *ρύθμος*. This reminds one of another odd perversion, though not involving a question of spelling. People have made a most awkward and affected adjective, "bridal"="nuptial," as if it were a Latin word with the Latin adjective termination *-ali*. They have thus discredited the noble old Teutonic substantive "bridal," that is, *bryd-ealo*" or "*bryd-eala*"—the "bride-ale" or wedding-feast. The *wedding*, in short, is the religious or legal ceremony performed by the priest or the registrar—the *bridal* is the social gathering which follows it, and at which our forefathers did not disdain to quaff the old Teutonic drink—

Per wes Pat bryd-eala
Mannum to beala.

Here is another instance of a very small change in spelling destroying a long and curious piece of history. When Mr. Albert Smith went to China, he visited a school for Chinese boys, set up by the Bishop of Victoria. He condescendingly observed that the boys read, wrote, and spelled very well, "only they put a superfluous *t* into the word *chesnut*." This remark unluckily proved that the Chinese boys (or their bishop) knew how to spell English, while the London *γελοροτούς* did not. *Chest-nut*, *Châtaigne* (i.e., of course, *Chastaigne*)—Castanea *nux*, nuts from Castanea or Kastanía in Thessaly—a name exactly analogous to "pomegranate" and other names of fruits and plants which proclaim the quarter from whence we got them. Write *chest-nut*, and this odd little bit of history is preserved; leave out the *t*, and it vanishes, and the word becomes meaningless. In the same spirit, not so long ago, a gentleman in the Civil Service wrote to the *Times* to complain of the monstrous ignorance of somebody who had called the capital of Aquitaine Bourdeaux. He did not know how very few years it is since *Burdigala* was known as anything else. It is odd enough that, about the time when the etymological *u* was turned out of *Bourdeaux*, a quite surreptitious *u* got into the names of two other French cities. *Tolosa* and *Bolonia* used to be called *Tolouse* (more commonly, we know not wherefore, *Tholouse*) and *Bologne*. Now the exiled *u* from *Burdigala* has taken refuge in them, and they figure as *Toulouse* and *Boulogne*. The arrangement seems unfair, as *u* has lost one city and gained two. The *u* in *Toulouse* is probably the *u* from its neighbour *Bourdeaux*. The *u* in *Boulogne* may perhaps have a sublimer origin. Both the elder and the younger Napoleon have visited *Bolonia*, and it may be that the *u* which the Imperial House has so cruelly cast off was left behind as a relic, on one or other of these occasions. The Buonaparte marched into *Bologne*, *u* and all, but marched out of *Boulogne* a true and genuine French Imperial Bonaparte.

A very foolish innovation in spelling has lately appeared in America, which, to a certain extent, seems to be making its way in England also. *Honor* and *favor* are seen a great deal too often, *labor* seems likely to follow, and the true American does not scruple to write *neighbor*, *armor*, *harbor*. Now we write *honour* because the word comes to us from the French *honneur*; nor does the Frenchman write *honneur* without a cause. The diphthong *eu* or *ou*, *honour*, *amour*, represents the long Latin *o*. *Amorem* becomes *amour*, while the short *o* in *arborem* vanishes in the form of *arbre*. We write *honour*, *favour*, because these are old naturalized words, which we did not get direct from the Latin. In the much more modern words, *horror*, *terror*, &c., which we did get direct from the Latin, we may fairly keep the Latin spelling, though it should be remembered that as late as Johnson's time they followed the other rule. But *neighbor*, *armor*, *harbor* are ridiculous. Nothing but the profoundest ignorance could mistake their termination for the Latin *or*. No word can be more purely Teutonic than *neighbour*, *nachbar*, Old E. *neahbær*; the *or* fairly representing the ancient *ā*. *Armour* is indeed Latin, but there is no such word as *armor*: it comes from *armatura*, and the older and better spelling is *armure*. *Harbour* is whatever *herberge* is—that is, probably, the Old Teutonic *herebeorgan*; certainly no such word as *harbor* ever existed in any language.

Last of all there is a class of words very barbarous in their formation, but very necessary in practice, which seem to have been the last victims to the tyranny of the printer. Mr. Buckle boldly prints "Civilization," but everybody else, even Lord Macaulay, has had to yield to the silly French innovation of "Civilisation." The whole class is barbarous, but the *z* shows their history, such as it is, while the *s* is utterly meaningless. The termination -ize was evidently got from the Greek *ιζω*, though it is strangely added to words of every kind of origin, and is no less strangely followed, in making a noun, by the Latin termination -ation. Civilize, criticize, have a sort of meaning and a sort of history; but now we write civilize, criticize, which have no meaning at all, and we have even seen the genuine Greek *βαπτιζων* perverted into "baptise." By all means let us stick to the *z*; but here again we must take care not to follow false lights. If we write criticize and civilize, there is a strong temptation to write analyze. But there is no such word as *αναλιζω*; the verb to analyse is clearly formed from the noun *analysis*, *αναλυσις*, from *αναλυω*. So again, a question may be raised between surprise and surprise. The *z* seems an intruder, unless it is held anyhow to represent the combined force of the *ns* in the old French *prise*. But prize and its compound must go together; if we write surprise we should also write prise, which we believe no one has yet attempted.

A little thought will easily find out other examples. The practical lesson which we would draw is not to go back to any forms, however accurate, which have now become quite archaic, but to resist further innovation. It is too late to write *eyland*, or even *iland*; but it is not too late to keep the historical spelling for honour and chestnut, while it is almost a political duty to give the Imperial Corsicans their full Tuscan measure of vowels and syllables. As almost every innovation comes from the side of inaccuracy, and involves the destruction of some further piece of history, those who are careful of the purity of their native tongue will not think it beneath them to keep their eye upon the matter. And when foreign words are used, if they must be used, it is just as well to spell them right too. A very little scholarship, a very little care, will save a man from such vulgar blunders as *Sphynx* and *Syren*, though the latter has the sanction of the infallible authority in Printing-House-square. Why, in the same region, the word *Diocese* is always mis-spelled *Diocess* puzzled us long ago—it puzzles us still. We have not hit upon the faintest approach to a clue, and probably we never shall, till the oracle itself condescends to explain, or at least to depute some Mosaic Arab or Old Bookworm to explain, the mysterious causes of its own actions.

PALMERSTON BISHOPS.

THE death of Bishop Villiers has drawn attention to what has been classified as a variety of the *Genus, Clergyman-Species*, Bishop. We have heard of the "Palmerston Bishop," as though it were, within its own limits, as ascertainable and marked as the pouter or tumbler among pigeons. We suggest the analogy with the fear of Mr. Darwin before our eyes. Still we think the attempt to generalize a Palmerston Bishop cannot be sustained. The resemblance among the clergymen promoted to the Episcopate during Lord Palmerston's Ministry is superficial. Each individual does not present the same characteristics. Some, it is true, are high-born; some are very deficient in Greek; some are known as professors of the straitest sect of Evangelicism. These are said to be the true marks of a Palmerston Bishop; but it is only in the late Bishop of Durham that all these characteristics happened to meet. He, and he alone, fulfilled the type in all its particulars. Doctors Baring, Waldegrave, and Pelham are unimpeachable as to the nobility of their blood and their adherence to party traditions; but they can certainly construe the Greek Testament. The Bishop of Ripon, it is true, ran his Northern neighbour hard; but though related to an extinct title, he does not write Honourable before his name. We cannot expect to look upon the like of Dr. Villiers again. He nearly exhausted the triple combination which is said to be necessary in the composition of a Whig Bishop. Here is one reason against a like appointment to the see which will be, we suppose, vacated by a translation to Durham.

And another reason against a successor being also a repetition of Bishop Villiers is, that, to do the Prime Minister justice, his recent appointments or offers of an episcopal throne show a juster appreciation of this important function of the State. The Bishop of Worcester's promotion has never been objected to. Dr. Wigram, we must admit, made himself rather ridiculous by talking some nonsense about clerical beards and clerical cricket on his entrance into Rochester; but even the late Archbishop of Canterbury, that model of propriety and caution, talked rather wildly in his primary charge, and Lord Macaulay made at least one blunder when the bloom of office was fresh upon him. The offer of an episcopate to Dr. Vaughan, and the Deanery given, however tardily, to Dr. Hook, at least hint at a fairer spirit. The fact is simply this—that Lord Palmerston is perhaps more ignorant than any public man ever was as to all that concerns what, in France, is called the Portfolio of Religion. A dozen Prime Ministers have had perhaps as little of what, in correct language, is called vital religion as the present Prime Minister. Walpoles, and Rockinghams, and even Melbournes, were scarcely savoury professors; but it is only of late years that the nomination to bishoprics has become a personal perquisite of

the First Lord of the Treasury. Either the Sovereign, or a sort of unrecognised non-official sub-committee of the Bishops themselves, used to be the real dispensers of the highest Church patronage. We are not going to argue that the appointments are at all likely to be better in Royal or Episcopal hands than in those of the First Cabinet Minister. On the contrary, we think that a Constitutional Minister, responsible to public opinion, is the fittest person to make Bishops, as the phrase runs. But then the Prime Minister should take care either to inform himself as to this branch of his duties, or to place himself in trustworthy hands. Lord Melbourne is said to have had special tastes in polemical literature, and the fastidiousness which made the episcopal appointments so notoriously troublesome to him was the result of real knowledge. The present Premier thinks—or rather before he gave himself the trouble to think on the subject, concluded, without thinking—that to select a Bishop is the easiest thing in the world. Lord Palmerston—if it is true that he took Lord Shaftesbury's advice or opinion—only took Lord Shaftesbury at his own estimate of himself. On the surface of it, the noble earl's opinion was worth asking and taking, if, as he said, he represented all that was excellent in the Church of England. As for any personal sympathy with Lord Shaftesbury's views, it would be absurd to suppose that Lord Palmerston has a liking for platform religion. But in pleasing Lord Shaftesbury, or Lord Shaftesbury's friends, it was thought that public opinion was conciliated. Small blame to any Minister who seeks in his appointments to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number. The mistake was in taking Lord Shaftesbury or Exeter Hall at its own valuation.

Here, and here alone, is, or has been, Lord Palmerston's error. An acute, astute, prudent, worldly man ought to have known men and the world better; and private friendship or kinship ought not to have blinded him in this matter. Lord Shaftesbury's measure, and the measure of the sectarian religion which the Protestant Earl represents, would, it might have been thought, be very soon taken by a prudent statesman. It is quite within an acknowledged outsider's power to understand the state of the Church of England and the requisites of English religion. This—which Lord Palmerston has not done—he might readily do, or he is not the statesman that men take him to be. Hitherto, he has taken the noise, arrogance, and presumptuous claims of Exeter Hall for the public religious opinion of England. It is not so. The Church of England is too large, too complex, too comprehensive an institution to be represented by the narrow imbecility of a popular preacher, ignorant not only of Greek but of the world and of human nature. The rulers of the Church of England must not represent a single, and that the narrowest section of extant religious thought. They are called upon to represent the living Church and clergy, not to propagandize party views. A Bishop's work is so specifically different from other work, that a man's mere antecedents do not tell in his favour. Because a man is a successful college tutor, or college head, or schoolmaster—or, as it is called, a good parish priest—he is not necessarily a good Bishop. Good Bishops have hewed themselves out of these materials; but many a bad Bishop has been most successful in his previous career. When Scripture speaks of a man ruling well his own house as best qualified to rule the Church, there is more in this particular selection of qualities than appears. It is his success and conduct in the domestic and social, not the official relations, which proves the man. In a school or college, the ruler stands quite apart from the body governed. In a parish, the rector is alone. But in a family, even the master and head must take as well as give—must make all sorts of allowances, and enter into other people's minds, tastes, and characters. It would be profane to say ditto to Holy Scripture; but unquestionably the Scriptural test of governing the family is the safest. Translated into the language of our times and habits, it means that a Bishop must be a man of the world—which is a very different thing, let us hint to our preciser critics, from a worldly man.

It is here that the so-called "Palmerston Bishop" so egregiously fail. To take, as an illustration, the late Bishop Villiers. We have just been presented with his biography in the *Times*. He was, after he "was in the faith" (a piece of slang new to us) earnest in his religious profession—a qualification for the episcopate professed also by Mr. Richard Weaver. As a popular preacher, Dr. Villiers certainly did not equal Mr. Bellow; and as for his being the successful incumbent of St. George's, Bloomsbury, this only means that the rector got on very well with the district visitors, and kept the curates in order. All these, and they are detailed as the late Bishop of Durham's claims to the episcopate, really told as little in his favour as the fact that he was a son of the house of Clarendon. And so, when the real man came to be tried, he was found wanting. The ridiculous incident of the preferment of his son-in-law showed his total unfitness for his place. It was not the mere nepotism—which, after all, was not so great a matter—but the blundering stupidity of the way in which the job was done, that offended people. The dull insensibility to the ridiculous with which the poor Bishop tried to make it pleasant to the parishioners was the real mistake. The utter incapacity to understand people, to enter into their minds, or to suppose that their common sense could be taken in with a canting greasy letter about "the good cause," was what ruined Dr. Villiers. The thing itself was perhaps an awkward affair for a high-flying professor; but the manner of the thing was what must have presented

itself most clearly to Dr. Villiers's patron. This is the lesson and the beacon that Lord Palmerston wants. He must, in any future Bishop, look out for a man at least of tact, judgment, and—which includes them—of common sense.

It was actually made a sort of merit in Dr. Villiers that he preached to the masses, and did not—in his case it was because he could not—address the intellect of England. Never was qualification for the episcopate less wide of the mark. If the Church of England is to represent the religion of England, and if the religion of England is to include the thought and intelligence of England, it will be an evil day for that Church when its rulers are chosen only because they are acceptable to the masses, as they are called. The masses are, it must be said, ignorant, bigoted, prejudiced, unreasoning, ill-informed; and, being this, they affect their like. What is wanted in Bishop is not to be a good street preacher, or an eloquent speaker at a public meeting, or to be skilful in conducting the religious exercises at a tea and Bible meeting, but to attract and keep the confidence of his clergy. The Bishop is the head of the clergy; and to be trusted by the clergy, the Bishop, in intelligence, in education, in manners, in judgment, in social bearing, must be their equal, and, if possible, their superior. It is upon this rock that the Palmerston Bishops have split; and, where these qualifications are absent, skill in expounding unfulfilled prophecy, and even the confidence of Lord Shaftesbury, avail—as probably by this time Lord Palmerston has discovered—less than nothing.

THE SECESSION MANIA.

IT would be a useful inquiry for the political optimist to discover why the mass of mankind have so often been unable to rise to the necessity of the mutual abnegation which is involved in the idea of a large and united empire. There can be no question that the subdivision of kingdoms adds to the cost of governments, fetters trade, and tends to multiply the jealousies which rend asunder the family of mankind. Yet, with one or two brilliant exceptions, unity has been more the result of the selfishness of conquerors or the intrigues of politicians than the act of the people whom it so largely tends to benefit. It is an old remark that it is impossible to set up a Republic on a large scale except as a Federation; and the two most democratic Federations of our time—Switzerland and the United States—have evinced a constant tendency to split asunder, which has only been repressed, if repressed at all, by the sword. What long struggles it has cost the central power in Paris and Madrid to procure the amalgamation of the provinces which had every motive for union that geographical conformation could supply! What possibility would there have ever been of governing Ireland or Scotland from London if the mass of their inhabitants had been in a condition to make their voices heard? Even in Italy, a portion of the Neapolitan populace are struggling to undo Cavour's noble work; and—quite apart from the causes which, in Hungary and elsewhere, produce and justify political discontent—nothing would better please the numerous possessions of the Austrian Crown than to return to that condition of committuted subdivision from which the better spirits of Germany are vainly urging their fellow-countrymen to emerge.

That this tendency is not the accidental result of any special grievances, but may be counted on as a general rule, except where some individual great man has given a temporary ascendancy to wiser counsels, is shown by the vigour with which the same process is going on in our colonies. The passion for subdivision is as strong there as it is in Europe. In Australia it is excused to a certain extent by the vast distances of the various settlements from each other, and the fact that the communication between them is still in the main by sea. Yet even here a little patience might have been advisable before erecting a barrier of separation which, so long as popular institutions endure, is never likely to be thrown down. At all events, the last operation of this kind—the severance of Queensland from New South Wales—has no justification in geographical convenience. It is as much the expression of jealousy and political dissension as the formation of the Sonderbund in Switzerland or the secession aspirations of Naples. But the most curious exemplification of this spirit, which has given and is giving so much trouble in various parts of the world, is the movement which is now going on at the Cape of Good Hope. There, too, a fierce agitation for separation has arisen. It is an instructive instance, because of its great simplicity and its freedom from any of the apparent justifications which, in other cases, perplex the problem. There is, of course, at the Cape no question of tyranny, or of violations of property or freedom; nor is the territory, even according to European ideas, of an unmanageable size. It is a case that lays bare very completely the nature of the motives which are at the bottom of that *particularism* which German philosophers tell us is the peculiar snare of the Teutonic race.

The Cape is a colony, as everybody knows, originally Dutch. We owe the burdensome privilege of numbering it among the dependencies of the British Crown to the belief which prevailed in 1815 that it was indispensable as a half-way house to India. For the sake of it we gave up Java, and we have since paid many a million for it in the shape of the cost of Kafir wars. When it came into our hands, all the best part of it was fully occupied. The only territory which remained for English colonists to people was the border-land lying to the east of the settlement between

it and the Kafir tribes. Or perhaps, to put it more honestly, our countrymen could only find sufficient elbow-room by pressing back the Kafirs into the wilderness. Thus, two nationalities were formed, geographically as well as ethnologically distinct—the English occupying the east, and the Dutch the west. As the principal towns of the two provinces, Graham's Town and Cape Town, are only separated from each other by a distance of six hundred miles, the idea of erecting a separate Government at Graham's Town was never seriously entertained till a constitution was granted to the colony. Then, of necessity, the Dutch and the English were brought into constant contact with each other, and they began to struggle, as nationalities will, for the possession of the common purse. The Governmental expenditure of Cape Town—exhibited now to the public gaze in the proceedings of the Parliament—was watched with a jealous eye; and the Graham's Town tradesmen began to think how pleasant it would be to have a similar spending machine among themselves. Then it was observed that Cape Town had other privileges as a metropolis. The approaches to it, as to the seat of Government, were provided with excellent roads, while the communications of Graham's Town with the sea were still in a rude condition. Great indignation was raised in the Eastern province when the Parliament voted 100*l.* towards the maintenance of a museum in Cape Town; still greater when it was discovered that the hospital at Cape Town numbered more patients, and received, therefore, more assistance from the Government than its Eastern rival. But the sense of injured nationality reached its boiling-point when Sir George Grey, who is certainly not of Dutch extraction, or afflicted with Dutch possessions, proposed to favour Cape Town by constructing a breakwater in Table Bay, and, after overcoming considerable opposition, induced his Parliament to agree. This the Eastern people felt to be an intolerable grievance. It was true that Cape Town was a considerable town, and Port Elizabeth was a very small one. That, they felt, made no difference to the principle. They contributed, or said they contributed, as much to the revenue as the Western province; and just as Mr. Scully thinks it is a burning shame that Cork is not as expensively fortified as Portsmouth, and Lord Eglington used indignantly to complain, as of a national wrong, that Scotland should have fewer regiments quartered in her than Ireland, so the Eastern province insisted that to build a breakwater in Table Bay before a breakwater was built in Algoa Bay was a violation of their most obvious rights. On this provocation the movement came to a head. A Bill was brought into Parliament by the Eastern members this year for the purpose of effecting a separation. After debates whose prolixity would put even our own to shame, the Bill was rejected by a considerable majority. Some English names are to be found in the majority, but not a single Dutch name in the minority. In other words, the English are divided on the expediency of the change, but the Dutch are firm to a man in their allegiance to Cape Town. And now the Eastern separationists threaten the Colonial Parliament with an appeal to Downing-street.

The practical difficulties of such a separation are, of course, obvious at the first glance. Though the provinces should wish to be two, foreigners will persist in treating them as one. The foreign trader, whose goods are consumed by both provinces equally, will come to Table Bay; and the Kafir marauder, who is impartially desirous of ravaging both provinces alike, necessarily attacks the Eastern frontier first. If the provinces are to separate, this community of interests will create a rather perplexing account to be settled between them. The East declares that it must have a share in the Table Bay customs, and that the West must contribute largely to the cost of Kafir defences. But this sort of difficulty does not appeal strongly to the popular mind. The rock on which the scheme has struck is the unlucky fact that the geographical and ethnological divisions do not coincide. There are enormous districts to the North, of which Graaff-Reinet and Colesberg are the chief towns, which trade with the Eastern province, and find their outlets in its ports. But, unfortunately, in these it is the Dutch and not the English influence that preponderates. The result is that the Easterns do not present a united front. They ask for separation on the ground of "natural frontiers;" and under this plea claim Graaff-Reinet and Colesberg as part of their future colony. But the Dutchmen of these districts are far from relishing a change which shall make them the subordinates instead of the predominant nationality, and their representatives steadily vote against it. The opponents of separation have therefore a fair ground for saying that the expediency of the change is denied even by a large proportion of the district which is said to be neglected under the existing Constitution.

It is to be hoped that this difficulty will be sufficient to wreck the project, and that the arbitration of the Home Government will not be invoked. But even if by any accident a majority in its favour should be obtained in the Cape Parliament, the Home Government ought not too precipitately to consent. It is an occasion for at least a suspensive veto. It is one of those cases in which the metaphor involved in the term "Mother-country" has a genuine meaning. A colonial community is too young, its political experience is too short, the composition of its society is too crude, to enable it readily to appreciate all the consequences of such an irrevocable step. Present interests are so near to every struggling colonist, and the want of a national past makes the idea of a national future

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seem so unsubstantial, that a far-sighted policy is hardly to be expected. The demand for separation is one of those wayward acts of colonial childishness against which it is the function of the older Mother-country to warn its offspring. The inconveniences of union are very likely sharp enough, but they are all temporary. The preference of one race above the other, the backwardness in the East of indispensable public works, the irksomeness to Eastern members of a five or six days' journey across high mountains and deep rivers, are no doubt palpable grievances. But in a generation or two they will have disappeared. The Dutch race is rapidly Anglicizing, and the absolute amalgamation of the two races cannot be far distant. The necessary tracks and bridges, however slow their progress, will in course of time be finished, and it will not always take five days to travel six hundred miles. These are inconveniences which belong only to the infancy of a nation. But the evil effects of separation are in the future, and, once incurred, they are irreparable. The two States of which but germs are now existing, if once sundered, will grow asunder. They will probably shape their institutions in different moulds, cultivate rivalries and contrasts, and cherish a patriotic spirit of mutual antipathy. The States of North America are only the development of what were once separate Colonial Governments. They have grown up to be practically independent nations, each within the boundaries assigned originally to the infant settlements from which they sprang. How complete and close is the national unity of each within its old colonial jurisdiction, how loose the bond that binds it to its neighbours, recent events have shown. It should act as a warning to the Separationists of the Cape. Separation now is separation for ever. The division of a colony, for the sake of escaping the small inconveniences of early colonial life, is in truth the fracture into two or more petty States of what might now, by a little patience, be easily welded into one great homogeneous nation. It is probable that, if the question of consolidating the Heptarchy had depended upon the assent of seven popular Legislatures, the map of England would have now presented an appearance very similar to that of the map of Central Germany. But the Cape cannot count on an Egbert to save it from a similar destiny.

THE REV. DR. CAMPBELL, THE LAST DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

THAT the world knows nothing of its greatest men has always been a complaint of its reformers. It becomes, therefore, a duty to remind society that the sons of the prophets still cry aloud, although not, as of old, in the wilderness. Men bear their witness in kings' courts, but they are not clothed in sackcloth. They preach from the stump of the cheap newspapers, and thunder out of what they are pleased to call "the editor's chair." As in the days of Knox, the divine addresses the Throne, but it is by the penny-post and penny newspapers instead of the pulpit. We have now to introduce a clerical gentleman who writes letters to the Prince Consort. John Campbell, D.D. and LL.D.—we wonder where he acquired his alphabetical suffixes—learned in every faculty, and clothed with the teacher's gown both in divinity and either law, is the editor of divers and sundry periodicals. He is the editor of the *British Standard*, "a weekly first-class journal, published every Friday;" also of the *British Ensign*, "published every Wednesday—a weekly journal for the people, price one penny;" also of the *Christian Witness*; also of the *Christian's Penny Magazine*. To continue the editor's genial appreciation of his own labours, and to quote his own advertisements—for we own to a sadly imperfect acquaintance with these journals—the *British Standard* is "perfect and complete as a newspaper, pure in spirit, liberal in principles, patriotic in object, crowded with fact, and overflowing with information;" while the *British Ensign* conveys "to all, but especially to Church Members, Christian Congregations, Pastors, Deacons, Teachers of Youth, Heads of Families, and Young Men in Great Britain and Ireland, useful knowledge in great variety, supplied fresh from the purest fountains at the cheapest rate." As to the *Christian Witness* and the *Christian's Penny Magazine*, even the editor's powers of antithetical commendation fail him in describing their immense success; so he contents himself with modestly informing the world that "the mental, moral, and spiritual results of such a mass of truth cannot be estimated by the human mind." Leaving it, however, to the spiritual intelligences to grasp the mighty merits of his newspapers, it is something to know that the learned Doctor has published certain things which the human mind has estimated. *Jethro*, one of Dr. Campbell's works, is—so its critics say, or are said to say—"distinguished by a living and magnificent redundancy of style," which we can well conceive. Another of his productions displays "the research of the historian, the reasoning of the philosopher, the imagination of the poet, and the learning of the divine;" while, passing over thirteen different publications, of which we fully believe that they are so well known that commendation would be superfluous and impertinent, we are finally assured about Dr. Campbell's *Martyr of Errromanga* "that no uninspired book has done such service to the cause of peace," and that its author brings to his purpose "a mind of no ordinary powers and arguments, reading of a prodigious amount, genius and imagination truly poetical, with a stern honesty of aim, and a sanctified zeal for truth." "A vast and vigorous intellect alone could have produced such a volume, and

the name and character of its author are encompassed with the laurels of an imperishable renown." So we are assured by the *Herald of Peace*, the *New Connexion Magazine*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, and the *Baptist Magazine*—of each and all of which we might imagine Dr. Campbell to be the editor, taking into account this magnificent redundancy of laudation.

We have been particular in this account of Dr. Campbell's literary works, because an author so prolific deserves to have his titles to fame fully set forth; and we have preferred to give the judgment of himself and others on his works, not only because Dr. Campbell must know more about his labours than anybody else, but also for the sufficient reason that we have never read one line of these books. In fact, we never heard of Dr. Campbell hitherto, except in connexion with some Dissenting newspaper, from "the editorial chair" of which he succeeded, and in rivalry of which he started the *British Banner*, or *British Standard*, or *British Ensign*, either or all, if each is not, like the triple-faced Hecate, only another form of the same. We have, however, fallen across the reverend and learned Doctor's last and greatest production. His *Letters to the Prince Consort on Popery, Puseyism, Infidelity, and the Aggressive Policy of the Church of Rome*, were originally published in the *British Ensign* and *British Standard*, and have been "perused by probably upwards of one million of people"—so the author, whose powers of enumeration equal his other attainments, assures us. These *Letters* are reprinted in a neat volume; and, as the *British Mothers' Journal* remarks—we are indebted for the quotation to Dr. Campbell himself, our acquaintance with the *British Mothers' Journal*, to use a metaphor from another of his critics, "not being well posted up"—"here we have no commonplace twaddle, no cant, no groundless alarms;" but they are, so says the *Christian World*, "magnificent in language, of burning eloquence, and are characterized by fearless fidelity and heroic truth." If anybody finds in the *Letters to the Prince Consort* those exact characters the absence of which seems to excite the admiration of the *British Mothers' Journal*—commonplace twaddle, real and groundless alarms—far be it from us to say that this is just what Dr. Campbell does suggest. We go no further than to hint this is perhaps the thing we thought of when reading the volume. Our present concern is not to review Dr. Campbell's *Letters to Prince Albert*. Suffice it to say that their object is to point out the probability, almost amounting to a Campbellian certainty, that the Prince of Wales is under the influence of the Jesuits, and that his residence at Oxford and his visit to Italy are proofs of the spiritual danger which the heir to the throne is incurring under that baleful education for which the Prince Consort is responsible. A few novel and interesting facts of past and current history are met with in Dr. Campbell's letters, which we extract as specimens of the writer. "James II. saved his head by his preposterous subservience to the Pope." "The Prince of Wales lately transmitted to the 'Holy Father' a present, value 50,000." "The late Prince of Wales was educated by Dr. Sharham." "During the last and former generation the element of Oxford University was pre-eminently one of irreligion. The gospel of salvation was an object of contempt. . . . Taken as a whole the University was the most irreligious portion of the King's dominions." "The *Tracts for the Times* for a season occupied the place of the *British Critic*." This is a discovery in the chronology of current literature which recalls the parallel assertion we once met with, that the *Tracts for the Times* were so called because they first appeared in the *Times* newspaper.

The *Letters to the Prince Consort* being written and published, the author appears to have exhibited no little and no unnatural desire to get the Prince Consort's opinion of his correspondent. Such a candle was not to be hid under a bushel. The reverend and learned editor of the twin newspapers and the double magazine had not only friends, but a peculiar knack in calling them out. Among other dodges for circulating his newspaper, the editor and publisher of the *British Ensign* started the scheme of getting contributions to "assist in distributing 100,000 copies of the *British Ensign*." This is the euphemism of Dr. Campbell for pocketing exactly 100,000. Distributing 100,000 copies of the *British Ensign* by subscription is the Campbellise for giving that enterprising editor 400. And, according to his own account, Dr. Campbell has got it. The *British Standard* for July—our acquaintance with that journal goes no further back—gives the log of this voyage of discovery for fools. On July 5, the progress of "this magnificent enterprise" is duly chronicled. "Land ahead," cries the happy captain of the *Standard*, in full sight of port and 400. "Only 1776 copies are now wanted." Sixpence more, and up goes the donkey—or, at any rate, out comes the donkey. "We hope we shall next week announce—It is DONE." Next week continues both the metaphor and the success. A stunning paragraph is headed "ENTERING THE HARBOUR. The 100,000 copies! Now! A few more revolutions of the paddle-wheel and we step on shore. The top stone is ready. Who will finish the pyramid? We want only 1086." Next week achieves the glorious work. "The publisher ascribes all the favours vouchsafed to the Father of Mercies;" and "the Honourable Mrs. Thompson, of Prior Park, Bath," begs "to be allowed the honour and pleasure of finishing the pyramid, and giving the last turn to the paddle-wheel"—that is, subscribes the 8s. 4d. for 100 copies of the *Ensign*—to adopt the highly ornamental language of the reverend speculator. What had answered with the unsaleable *British Ensign* might answer with

the *Letters*. "The publisher is still able to supply subscribers with copies of the *Letters to the Prince Consort*, &c." As to the author, on the conclusion of his labours, "having reached the goal . . . he is now filled with gratitude and gladness. It will be a matter of sweet and soothing remembrance and satisfaction till the latest hour of life . . . He leaves his invaluable friend and publisher to speak for himself." The invaluable friend and publisher advertises for subscribers. Who could tell that another honourable lady would not be found to turn the paddle-wheel and to top up the pyramid by gratuitously circulating a thousand copies of the *Letters to the Prince Consort*?

In this sweet and soothing state of satisfied retrospect, as to the *Ensign*, and of calm hope as to the *Letters*, Dr. Campbell receives and publishes in the *British Standard* of July 19, the following singular communication:—

To the Editor of the *British Standard*.

Sir.—Having assisted in the distribution of many copies of your admirable *Letters to the Prince Consort*, I write to congratulate you on the eminent success you have attained. The people of England have evinced a just appreciation of the talents and unflinching boldness which mark the entire series of *Letters*. You, Sir, have done your duty nobly; the people of England have not failed in theirs; there remains but one individual whose duty it is to complete the cycle. I allude to the Prince Consort himself. Where, Sir, is his reply to your spirited appeal? I have longed for it, but hitherto have waited in vain. An answer, however, must be given; your Letters demand a reply; and I venture to assert that, if necessary, we will approach the foot of the throne, and petition our beloved Sovereign to lay her Royal injunctions upon her reluctant spouse; in a word, require him, for the satisfaction of Protestant Englishmen, to set about an answer to your spirit-stirring epistles.

I will gladly place my name among others on such a document, and I have very little doubt the result would be satisfactory.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY WILKINS.

St. Ann's Parsonage, Brighton, July 17, 1861.

The delight with which the editor of the *British Standard* received this curious epistle may perhaps have equalled, but could not have exceeded, the satisfaction of the "Rev. Henry Wilkins" at seeing it in print. Pleased with the courtesy of the editor, the Incumbent of "St. Ann's, Brighton," addresses next week a second "Letter to the Editor of the *British Standard*," which the curious in such matters will find in that journal of July 26, as follows:—

MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN.

To the Editor of the *British Standard*.

Sir.—I have to thank you for your publication of my letter in which the prolonged delay of the Prince Consort in answering your intrepid letters forms the subject of comment. The proposal I then made, that the matter should be laid before our gracious Queen, and her interference requested, has been favourably received by many of my friends in this town; and during the past week we have held more than one conference on the subject. The result is, they are of opinion (an opinion in which I coincide) that, in a controversy so momentous, half-measures will be ineffectual. We must show a determined front, and manfully maintain our Protestant privileges. Your letters to the Prince Consort demand a reply, and no reply has been vouchsafed by his Royal Highness. We propose, therefore, that a memorial be presented the Queen, praying that her Majesty will lay her Royal injunctions on the Prince Consort no longer to delay performing this imperative duty.

In order to spare the feelings of the Prince as much as possible, and to comply with some rules of Court etiquette, we have determined that the memorial shall bear the signatures of our own names only (although a monster petition might soon be raised), and that it shall be presented to the Queen by ladies—Lady Arabella Flint, the Hon. Miss Ivors, and Mrs. Henry Wilkins undertaking to perform that responsible office. It is hoped that lady mentioned in your last Number as so nobly assisting in the last revolution of the paddle-wheel, and crowning the topmost stone of the pyramid of success, will accompany these ladies on their high errand. An early day will be fixed by the Lord Chamberlain for their visit to Osborne. This, Sir, will bring matters to a crisis, and generations of Englishmen yet unborn shall have cause to revere the author of the *Letters to Prince Albert*. The result of the interview will be published in your columns.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY WILKINS, M.A.

St. Ann's Parsonage, Brighton, July 24, 1861.

Alas! for human credulity. It might have occurred to any-body of less boundless vanity and matchless impudence than the editor of the *British Standard* to look at the *Clergy List* and *Burke*. But in vain was the net spread in the sight of the foolish bird. The Philistines were upon the redoubtable Campbell, and the Prince Consort's correspondent was delivered over into the hands of the enemy. The hoaxers were upon him. The Rev. Henry Wilkins, M.A., St. Ann's, Brighton, and its Parsonage, Mrs. Henry Wilkins, Lady Arabella Flint, and the Honourable Miss Ivors, of course only existed in the ingenuous imagination of perhaps the same person who communicated that interesting passage about Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews to the *Morning Advertiser* some years ago, in the name of Professor Filopanti, or who, as recently as last Christmas, described a curious lapidary inscription found at the Rye House, and succeeded in getting that unhappy journal to print it. These jokes are too bad—that, in particular, which we have just mentioned was too full-flavoured for printing in this place. But this sort of thing is so easy a piece of fun, that there is no great sport in hoaxing Dr. Campbell or the *Morning Advertiser*. There is no amount of gullibility to which they are not equal—no bait which such ignorance and vanity will not swallow. A man who can write the *Letters to the Prince Consort* is perhaps the only man in England not to detect the Rev. Henry Wilkins, of St. Ann's, Brighton. The facts are just worth putting upon record, to show of what contemptible stuff the master minds of the age, as they call themselves—the minds made up of equal parts of philosopher, divine, and poet—are composed. We are in these dull times obliged even to the *British Standard* for a joke.

NORTH DEVON IN THE RAIN.

THE ill-fated writer of this article, having, in two successive years, attempted to explore North Devon in the rain, proposes to describe so much of that humid country as the clouds allowed to remain visible. He has seen probably as much as he would see if he went there for seven years to come. Water, water everywhere, above, below, around. A grey mist resting on a green and juicy hill, with a bright and rapid river at its foot—such is the scene, a hundred times repeated, which must content the stranger who has proposed to himself to view North Devon. And yet, disappointing and wearying as is the pedestrian's task, there is something irresistibly fascinating in the wild country whence the East and West Lynn rivers descend towards the north, and the Exe and its tributary the Barle towards the south. The red deer still haunt the recesses of Exmoor, and over its high table-land roam the half-wild ponies which, when reclaimed to servitude, are capable of carrying a stout farmer fifty miles a day between his snug homestead in a more fertile district and the grazing-ground which he rents among the clouds. We will suppose that a pedestrian desiring to explore this district arrives by the railway at Bridgewater. A walk of twenty-three miles through Cannington, Nether Stowey, and Williton, in the north of Somerset, will bring him to the sea-side at a small hotel called the Blue Anchor, which appears to give its name to the cliffs on which it stands. On his way he will find the beautiful new church built by Sir Peregrine Acland at St. Audrey's. The country is mostly fertile, and would be called beautiful by one who came from a great town or from the dead levels of the Eastern counties. Next day he will pass through the fine park in which stands Dunster Castle, and will ascend a lofty hill called Grabhurst, along the ridge of which, for three and a half miles, he will enjoy a splendid view of sea and land. He descends from this ridge to the small town of Porlock, and thence ascends a sufficiently steep hill for three miles. At the top of it he is still in Somerset, but is upon the seaward border of Exmoor, and is getting near to Devon, to scenery of renowned beauty, and to the rain. The road runs for ten miles along the top of the high cliffs which form the southern shore of the Bristol Channel, and then descends into the deep valley of the Lynn with a precipitancy to which it is desirable that nervous ladies who come by the daily coach should close their eyes. The steep incline, the darkening shades of evening, and the loud-voiced torrent are suddenly relieved by the hospitable lights of the hotel, which stands just above the confluence of the two rivers called the East and the West Lynn. The little villages of Lynmouth, in the gorge, and Lynton, half-way up the height beyond it, are a favourite subject of description in the guide-books. We will content ourselves with the practical remark, that the aforesaid hotel has a smoking-room and sadly wants a billiard-table. Our traveller who has reached it will have walked twenty-six miles from his last halting-place, as well as from the sunshine and from the possibility of finding anything to do. Let us hope that he is sufficiently fatigued to be content with inactivity till the next day. In the morning, he would probably like to bathe, but is deterred by the inexpediency of beginning his day's work by wetting his clothes inside as well as outside. There are only two bathing-machines at Lynmouth, and they are reserved for ladies. However, he can protract his breakfast, and then probably he can smoke with patience for an hour in the hotel. After that, there is, nearer to the sea, a lime-kiln, on which, if it is not in use, he may again smoke, with the command of a slightly altered prospect, for perhaps a second hour. The rain sometimes falls perpendicularly, and sometimes flies past upon the wind. The rivers gain in voice and volume, and in the depth of the colour which they bring with them from the red hills. The question now seriously presents itself, What is to be done to-day? To stay longer under cover is intolerable, and if one must go forth, it seems best to get into rapid motion towards some new place. There is the coast walk of eighteen miles, through the famous Valley of Rocks, and the glen of Heddon's Mouth, the most beautiful in all this region, and the straggling, squalid village of Combe Martin, which Kingsley aptly calls "the mile-long man-stye," to Ilfracombe, which is a considerable, and would be a cheerful sea-side town, if it were not for this perpetual rain. It is a conjecture of many critics that the lines of a well-known poem—

And the stately ships go in
To the haven under the hill—

refer to Ilfracombe; and it is a conjecture of our own that the words "stately ships" are put by poetic license in the plural, and refer to the single steamboat in which miserable passengers, wet on deck and sick below, are conveyed to Ilfracombe from Bristol.

We are of opinion that the greatest sight in Ilfracombe is the tunnel which has been constructed through a cliff for preserving decency in bathing. This tunnel has two branches, of which ladies take that to the right, and gentlemen that to the left. Having emerged on the sea-side of the cliff, we know from personal observation that there is nothing to prevent the gentlemen looking at the ladies, and we believe that there can be nothing to prevent the ladies looking at the gentlemen. But then it is a convention of society at Ilfracombe that they do not see each other. You pay your halfpenny to pass through the tunnel, and you are entitled to suppose that it has con-

ducted you behind a screen of rock. The part of "wall," from a familiar play, is performed at Ilfracombe by a toll-keeper, of whom Pyramus purchases the right to believe that Thisbe is invisible.

But instead of walking along the coast from Lynmouth westwards to Ilfracombe, you may, if you please, turn southwards, and walk inland over the watershed of Exmoor to Dulverton. As soon as you have passed the top of the ridge, the Barle and the Exe rivers are rising on your right and left. Nine miles from Lynmouth is Simonsbath, the village which Mr. Knight founded in the centre of the wild district which five-and-forty years ago he undertook to civilize and cultivate. We may observe, once for all, that in this country dwell an honest people, who give you ample measure, whether it be in a quart of ale or in a mile of road. Milestones are of course unknown, and we should suppose the distances are traditional. The rough roads are crossed by innumerable rivulets, and also by many gates, originally intended to continue the circles of fence which partially restrain the cattle. The fastenings of these gates have long since perished, so that a beast of any sagacity might push them open. A donkey would do it in a moment, but that useful animal has too much good sense to propagate himself on Exmoor. Of course, a mounted man can open these gates easily, but they would not be at all convenient to a single traveller in a gig, with an unquiet horse, on a dark night. They serve, together with the ruined mansion of Mr. Knight at Simonsbath, as monuments of a speculation of which the cost and difficulty were under-estimated. It must be owned, however, that Mr. Knight did actually succeed in making trees grow in the heart of Exmoor forest; and therefore, perhaps, the rest of his scheme was not absolutely impracticable. Besides the aforesaid trees, which really are a great surprise to the stranger in such a place, the village of Simonsbath contains the three essentials of a village—viz., a church, a publichouse, and a blacksmith's shop. The name is said to come from a pool in the Barle, where a formidable outlaw named Simon, or Seigmund, took his morning bath, in some very distant age when it did not always rain upon Exmoor, and when the natives did not get every day a very complete washing without the trouble of taking off their clothes. Five miles beyond Simonsbath is Exford, where our traveller will find an inn, the merits of which are, we suspect, well known to trout-fishers of the Devon rivers. To the stranger, however, the discovery of pale ale at Exford appears almost as stupendous as that of trees at Simonsbath. The flavour of the mutton of that county is not unknown to epicures, nor is the richness of its cream unlonged for. Happily, too, the unsophisticated landlord supplies these delicacies at a scale of prices which must be older than Mr. Knight's trees. We are certain that he will never see these pages, and therefore it will remain to him a secret that good bedrooms, where one may lie and listen to the soothing murmur of the Exe, appear preternaturally cheap to tourists at a shilling for a night's lodging. From this abode of primitive virtue to the town of Dulverton the distance is, by the nearest road, ten miles. Instead of taking that road, it may be well to visit Winsford, a few miles lower down the Exe, passing through a lovely valley, along which flows a tributary of the main river. The village stands at the confluence of these two streams. From Winsford it is worth while to cross the high table-land between the Exe and Barle, and descend into the valley of the latter, to examine the ancient foot-bridge called Tor's Steps, which was built by a people ignorant of the principle of the arch. Imagination is free to fix the number of generations which have used this bridge. It is formed of flat slabs of stone resting on rude piers, without masonry or fastening of any kind. There are sixteen piers—this large number being rendered necessary by the limited span of the supported stones. A place has been chosen for this bridge where the river is wide and shallow. In general, the Barle is confined closely between steep hills, clad for the most part with plantations of young oak, which are largely grown throughout this country for the sake of the bark. If, at any point, the hills recede a little from the river, the space is occupied by meadows of the richest green. If the hills recede still further, a convenient situation is afforded for building houses. The village of Withy-pool above, and the town of Dulverton below, Tor's Steps occupy two of these small plains between the river and the hills. The walk from Tor's Steps up the Barle to Withy-pool looks very tempting, but it can only be accomplished after a prevalence of dry weather. Lately, the damp woods on one side and the swollen river on the other have swallowed up all vestiges of a path. The village of Withy-pool may be reached by a field-track over the hills, and thence, if the table-land be crossed once more to Exford, the tourist will have completed a circuit of about fourteen miles. He may then take the road to Dulverton, which passes for nearly eight miles over the plateau before mentioned, and then descends suddenly to the level of the Barle, which is here a very fine river. This plateau is almost all bleak common, with sheep of brilliant whiteness grazing amid the purple heather. You need not expect to meet a man; and if you come to a directing-post, its conversational powers have probably been affected by the decay of its horizontal arms. At one point, where there really is some difficulty in judging which of two exceedingly bad roads, crossed at intervals by gates, leads to the town of Dulverton, there lie by the wayside the mouldering remains of what appears to have been once a traveller's friend. The valley of the Barle

immediately above and below Dulverton is one of those places which are less famous for their beauty than they deserve. We have no intention of trying to write it up, for a crowd of tourists would destroy the seclusion of the Exmoor district and infallibly ruin the prices at the inns. Having visited Dulverton for the second time after an interval of nearly twenty years, we found the quiet of the town and the beauty of its site unimpaired. Below Dulverton the Exe and the Barle unite, and the former, although by much the smaller river, gives its name to the mingled waters. The Exe flows on to Tiverton through a valley which is very beautiful, although far more fertile and of gentler aspect than the country above Dulverton. A walk of thirteen miles over a good road with an occasional turnpike gate, prepares the traveller for civilization in its most advanced form—that of a railway station. It should be observed that although Lynmouth and Tiverton, the termini of this route, are both in Devon, we have been in Somerset during the greater part of it, although close upon the border of the county which is more notorious for humidity. Perhaps Devon bears some blame which properly belongs to Somerset. The clouds which descend upon the sojourner at Lynmouth or Ilfracombe are collected by the Exmoor heights which lie behind the seaward cliffs.

REVIEWS.

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE ON THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.*

IT is somewhat surprising, in the present day in England, to find a dissertation on the long defunct theories of ancient philosophers respecting the solar system. And though, from Mr. Grote's paper on the subject, we see that several well-known Continental writers have exercised their pens on the question whether the doctrine of the earth's rotation is affirmed or implied in the Platonic *Timæus*, we do not expect that our countrymen will plunge with any undue violence into the controversy. We have no doubt, however, that a considerable class of readers will hail Mr. Grote's *brochure* with satisfaction as an earnest that he is busy with his promised work on the philosophies of Aristotle and Plato. Wherever his political bias can find an opening, wherever his mission of blackening the oligarchs and whitewashing the democrats of ancient Greece can be fulfilled, we must be prepared to find a one-sidedness in his representation of Hellenic thought; but we may expect with confidence an intimate familiarity with his subject, and a remarkable felicity in selecting the features of greatest interest at the present day. The paper before us was originally intended by Mr. Grote as an explanatory note in his greater work. But finding that his reasons for differing from other interpreters could not be comprised in the space of a note, he has published them in a separate dissertation, the gist of which we will endeavour to lay before our readers.

In the *Timæus* Plato explains the mechanism by which he considers the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies are produced. Adopting the geocentric theory, he places the earth in the centre of the cosmical system, and makes the heavenly bodies revolve round it in various concentric spheres. The exterior sphere is that of the fixed stars. The planets, including the sun, revolve in interior spheres in various directions, and besides their own motions, are all whirled round by the exterior or sidereal sphere, whose revolutions produce to the inhabitants of the earth the alternations of day and night. We had better, however, allow Mr. Grote to give us his version and elucidation of the theory:—

Plato conceives the *kosmos* as one animated and intelligent being or god, composed of body and soul. Its body is moved and governed by its soul, which is fixed or rooted in the centre, but stretches to the circumference on all sides, as well as all round the exterior. It has a perpetual movement of circular rotation in the same unchanged place, which is the sort of movement most worthy of a rational and intelligent being. The revolutions of the exterior or sidereal sphere (circle of the Same) depend on and are determined by the revolutions of the solid cylinder or axis, which traverses the *kosmos* in its whole diameter. Besides these, there are various interior spheres or circles (circles of the Different), which rotate by distinct and variable impulses in a direction opposite to the sidereal sphere. This latter is so much more powerful than they, that it carries them all round with it; yet they make good, to a certain extent, their own special opposite movement, which causes their positions to be ever changing, and the whole system to be complicated. But the grand, capital, uniform, overpowering movement of the *kosmos* consists in the revolution of the solid axis, which determines that of the exterior sidereal sphere. The impulse or stimulus to this movement comes from the cosmical soul which has its root in the centre. Just at this point is situated the earth, "the oldest and most venerable of intra-kosmic deities," packed round the centre of the axis, and having for its function to guard and regulate those revolutions, and through them those of the outer sphere, on which the succession of day and night depends, as well as to nurse mankind.

This summary will enable the reader to understand the question, though we may observe that the three last statements—that the cosmical axis is a solid cylinder, that the motion of the spheres emanates from the cosmical axis, and that the motion of the sidereal sphere is regulated by the earth—are supplementary explanations of Mr. Grote. The two first are disputable—the last, we consider, certainly erroneous. We may now

* *Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth, and Aristotle's Comment upon that Doctrine.* By George Grote, Esq.

lay before the reader the passage that has given rise to the controversy :—

γῆν δὲ τροφὸν μὲν ἡμετέραν, εἰλομένην (al. ἀλλομένην) δὲ περὶ τὰν διὰ παντὸς πόλον τετραμένον φίλακα καὶ ὅμιοντρον γυνός τε καὶ ηγέρας ἡμηχανῆσατο—i.e., “He made the earth to be the nurse of mankind, and, by her rotation—or, conglomeration—round the cosmical pole, guardian and creator of day and night.”

As the alternation of day and night had already been ascribed to the revolution of the sidereal sphere, it is extraordinary that it should now be ascribed to the earth, and especially to her rotation; and great, accordingly, has been the difference of opinion among commentators. The unusual word, “*εἰλομένη*,” like its English translation, “*being rolled*,” presents an ambiguity. Is rotatory movement here ascribed to the earth, or is it not? On the one hand we have the authority of Aristotle—and we can hardly imagine a better—who refers to this passage as asserting the rotation of the earth :—

ὅσοι μὲν ἵπι τοῦ μίσου κεῖσθαι φασιν αὐτήν, κινεῖσθαι δὴ κύκλῳ περὶ τὸ μίσον ἐπολαμβάνουσιν· ἵνοι δὲ καὶ κειμένην ἵπι τοῦ κίνητρον φασιν αὐτήν ἐπεισθαι περὶ τὸν διὰ παντὸς τετραμένον πόλον, ὥσπερ ἐν τῷ Τίμαιῳ γέγραπται (*De Caelo*, 2, 13). “All those who do not make the earth the centre of the system, make her rotate round the centre; and some even of those who place her at the centre say she rotates [?] round the cosmical axis, as we read in the *Timaeus*.”

Again :—

ἵμεις δὲ λέγωμεν πρῶτον πότερον ἵχει κίνησιν ἡ μένει καθάπερ γάρ εἴπομεν, οἱ μὲν αὐτήν ἐν τῶν ἀττρῶν ποιοῦνται, οἱ δὲ, ἵπι τοῦ μίσου θίνεταις καὶ κινεῖσθαι φασι περὶ τὸν μίσον πόλον (*Ib.* 2, 14). “Let us examine first whether she moves or is stationary; for, as we said, some make her one of the planets, others place her at the centre, but make her rotate [?] and move about the central pole.”

He then proceeds to discuss whether the earth has a rotatory movement.

On the other hand, we have the following reasons to induce us to believe that no such doctrine is contained in the *Timaeus*. Modern philologists are agreed that the proper, essential, original meaning of ἐλλεῖσθαι, or εἰλεῖσθαι (for the word has several forms), is not rotation, but compression, condensation, conglomeration, or, as Mr. Grote translates, close packing. Buttmann first established this, and expresses his surprise that Aristotle should have misunderstood the word. Proclus the Platonist asserts the same, and accuses Aristotle of misrepresentation. Accordingly, as it is inconsistent to explain the alternation of day and night both by the rotation of the sun and by the rotation of the earth, most modern commentators consider that ἐλλεῖσθαι in our passage expresses not rotation, but close packing, gravitation to a centre, agglomeration, and that the *Timaeus* as well as the *Phædo* teaches the immobility of the earth. This is the view of the illustrious scholar M. Boeckh, the greatest modern authority on the interpretation of the *Timaeus*. Mr. Grote gives his argument as follows :—

The Platonic *Timaeus* affirms, in express and unequivocal terms, the rotation of the outer celestial sphere (the sidereal sphere of aplanes) in twenty-four hours, as bringing about and determining the succession of day and night. Whoever believes this cannot, at the same time, believe that the earth revolves round its own axis in twenty-four hours, and that the succession of day and night is determined thereby. The one of these two affirmations excludes the other; and as the first of the two is proclaimed beyond all possibility of doubt in the Platonic *Timaeus*, so we may be sure that the second of the two cannot be proclaimed in the same discourse. If any passage therein seems to countenance it, we must look for some other mode of interpreting the passage.

Similarly also argues M. Cousin :—

Si la terre suit le mouvement de l'axe du monde, le mouvement de la huitième sphère, qui est le Même, devient nul par rapport à elle, et les étoiles fixes, qui appartiennent à elle, demeurent en apparence dans une immobilité absolue; ce qui est contraire à l'expérience et au sens commun et à l'opinion de Platon, exprimée dans ce même passage.

Such was the state of the controversy when Mr. Grote appeared on the stage to advocate a novel and remarkable view. He adopts Buttmann's interpretation of ἐλλεῖσθαι, and translates it “close packed,” and yet he denies that the passage in the *Timaeus* is consistent with the immobility of the earth. He assumes that the cosmical axis, from its moving the spheres, must be regarded as a solid cylinder, and that the earth being closely packed on this must participate in its motion, and therefore must revolve along with it and the sidereal sphere. Rotation, therefore, though not expressed by the word ἐλλεῖσθαι, is involved in it, he asserts, by inevitable logic; and this he maintains to be the sense in which the passage was understood by Aristotle, whom he defends against Buttmann for asserting that the rotation of the earth is to be found in the *Timaeus*. To the argument of M. Boeckh and M. Cousin, that it is impossible to believe that neither Plato nor Aristotle should have seen the inconsistency of explaining the phenomena of day and night by the revolution of the sun and also by the revolution of the earth, Mr. Grote is content by replying that it is not impossible to him. It is not the question, he says, what is or is not scientifically true or consistent, but what were the opinions of Plato. The incompatibility which, to any person educated in the modern astronomy, appears so glaring, did not, he believes, suggest itself to Plato or his contemporaries.

The question then resolved itself into our capacity of belief. What is incredible to M. Cousin and M. Boeckh is credible to Mr. Grote. If our capacity of belief equals that of Mr. Grote, we may range ourselves on his side, provided he gives us sufficient motives for rejecting the theory of Boeckh and Cousin. This Mr. Grote considers he does by the following argument.

The earth is said to be the creator of day and night. By what activity, we may ask, has the earth a claim to this title? By its active resistance to the cosmical rotation, answer M. Cousin and M. Boeckh—by the energy with which it maintains its own immobility. Impossible, replies Mr. Grote, if the earth is packed close on the cosmical axis, that it should resist all rotation of its own without at the same time arresting the rotation of the cosmical axis, and consequently the movements of the entire cosmos. He refers to the *Republic*, where the cosmical axis is compared to a spindle turned by Necessity, and causing by its own rotation the rotation of a number of concentric whorls which represent the spheres. If the earth opposes her energy to the revolving force of the cosmical axis, there will be the same nullifying antagonism, he says, between the force of the earth and the force of the cosmical axis, as if, while Ananke turned the spindle with a given force in one direction, Clotho were to apply her hand to the outermost verticillus with equal force of resistance in the opposite direction. It is plain, he says, that the spindle would never turn at all, and he infers that according to M. Boeckh's theory the cosmos would come to a stand-still. This, which is the only positive argument which Mr. Grote has adduced in favour of his view, shall be considered presently; in the meantime, on the question whether the Greek philosophers could have made such an extraordinary oversight as Mr. Grote supposes, we must say that we share M. Boeckh's and M. Cousin's incapacity of belief, and must take our side against Mr. Grote. Groundless as are many of the physical hypotheses in the systems of Plato and Aristotle—groundless as they were of necessity before the true method of physical discovery was recognised—we do not believe that they ever presented such glaring inconsistencies as the explanation of the phenomenon of day and night by the revolution of both earth and sun in the same direction in the same twenty-four hours. We cannot but smile at Mr. Grote's rhetorical artifice, when he affects to praise the penetration of M. Boeckh in discovering that, while either movement alone would be a sufficient explanation, the two together are scientifically incompatible. We do not believe that any child, or any savage, with intellect enough to comprehend the problem, could be guilty of such intellectual imbecility as he attributes to the greatest of the Greek philosophers. But when we reflect that both Plato and Aristotle have given elaborate and ingenious accounts of the machinery by which they supposed the celestial phenomena might be produced, we feel sure that such childish oversight—such a muddled conception—as Mr. Grote would palm off upon them was, on their part, impossible. We are not surprised that Mr. Grote, having imagined himself to have discovered such a remarkable proof of the march of intellect, should hasten to lay it before the public; but it is so remarkable that he must be prepared for our accepting it with caution.

Mr. Grote's positive argument in favour of his view remains to be disposed of. Before we attempt this we will venture to state our own solution of the *rexata questio*—a solution suggested by the perusal of Mr. Grote's paper. It adopts a portion of Mr. Grote's reasoning, and has at least the Christian merit of reconciling all the contending commentators, even those whose opinions are apparently quite contradictory—those who find the rotation of the earth and those who find its immobility asserted in the *Timaeus*. Although close packing, compression, rolling into a ball, is the original meaning of ἐλλεῖσθαι, it is not denied, as far as we are aware, that it has an accidental, secondary, derivative meaning of rotation. Now it is not necessary that a word should always be used in its original sense, much as that might gratify purists and etymologists; and we assume that in the present passage Plato has used ἐλλεῖσθαι in its secondary sense, as equivalent, in fact, to ἀλττρεῖσθαι. We further assume with Mr. Grote, that the earth being firmly seated on the cosmical axis (whether this is solid or not, seems to us immaterial) must participate in its movement and share in the general rotation. We next differ with Mr. Grote, and agree with M. Boeckh, in assuming that Plato was clear-sighted enough to see that, under these circumstances and without any further arrangement, there could be no alternation of day and night. We therefore infer that the rotation expressed by ἐλλεῖσθαι is not the same as the rotation produced by the cosmical axis, but, in one word, a counter-rotation—a rotation, that is, of precisely the same velocity in the opposite direction. Lest it should seem to be an absurdity to speak of the same body rotating in opposite directions, we must hasten to give an illustration, which will also serve for an answer to Mr. Grote's assertion that the earth could not escape from the general rotation without arresting the cosmical axis. Let us assume that the earth rotates from east to west, and that a railway is constructed round its whole circumference on the line of the equator. A steam-engine on this railway, before its fires are lit, will rotate with the earth, just as Mr. Grote makes the earth rotate with the cosmical axis. But now put in action the independent motive power of the engine, and set it in such rapid motion against the course of the earth that it accomplishes the circuit of the earth from west to east in twenty-four hours. The result of this counter-rotation will be, that the engine moves in relation to the earth, but, leaving out of the question any annual movement of translation, is stationary in absolute space. Mr. Grote's solid cosmical cylinder bears the same relation to the earth that the earth bears to the steam-engine in our illustration. As the absolute immobility of the steam-engine is affected without arresting the rotation of the earth, though the steam-engine is affected by the earth's rotation, so in the

By what? By its cousin and own invention it is packed into the cosmical cosmos, compared with rotation, represent ing force, antagonism, the cos- seven force intermost direction, and he could come in which is considered the Greek oversight Boeckh's on our side physical boundless physical way, ever nation of both twenty-four artifice, Boeckh in and be a really in- savage, the guilty latest of Plato of the of the a might in them that Mr. a re- to lay it be pre-

remains sure to suggested of Mr. recon- whose and the rtered in into a r as we mean- always tourists passage ent, in at the this is in its differ- g that reum- be no rota- in pro- inter- in an ab- tions, are for and not notical- west, rence in a way, Mr. now, and that it twenty- at the ques- obso- same in engine though the

Timaeus the absolute repose of the earth does not involve a stoppage of the cosmical axis. If the sun, as in the *Timaeus*, were whirled round by the same cosmical axis that whirled round the earth, the steam-engine by its independent counter-revolution would periodically come in sight of, and lose sight of, the sun, and on account of the extreme velocity of its relative motion by which it attains to absolute immobility, might be said, as the earth is said in the *Timaeus*, to be the creator of day and night. Of course it makes no difference whether a steam-engine or an earth-embracing circle or sphere thus revolves.

Our view harmonizes, as we said, the most contradictory opinions of the commentators. According to it, Proclus was quite right in maintaining that the *Timaeus* taught the immobility of the earth, while Aristotle was guilty of no dishonesty in ascribing to the *Timaeus* the doctrine of the earth's rotation; and we trust that M. Martin, who, in his *Etudes sur le Timée*, imputes wilful falsehood to Aristotle for attributing such a doctrine to Plato "pour se donner le plaisir de la réfuter avec dédain," will, as soon as he reads these lines, retract the dark imputation.

But we are not yet out of the wood, and we must consider a few objections to which our theory seems open. If the explanation advanced is correct, why did not Plato express himself more clearly? Why, if he had two rotations in his mind, did he leave one—that produced by the cosmical axis—to be inferred by Mr. Grote in after-ages, and only expressly mention the other—the counter-rotation—without describing its nature? To this we can only answer, that it is Plato's perpetual habit, instead of expressing clearly any mathematical conception, to exercise the ingenuity of his readers by giving enigmatically the data out of which it may be evolved. But for the acumen of M. Boeckh, modern scholars would hardly be able to recognise in the enigmatical description of the *Timaeus* the mystic octachord and pentachord in the soul of the universe; and another mathematical puzzle in the *Republic* still awaits an expounder. We therefore consider the objection, that if the explanation advanced is true, Plato demanded a great deal from the intelligence of his readers to be of no weight. In detecting that the earth would revolve along with the cosmical axis, Mr. Grote has shown some of the penetration that Plato required. If he had followed up his discovery by reasoning, as we have suggested, on the nature of the counter-rotation requisite for the production of day and night, he would have succeeded in solving Plato's little geometrical problem, and might have taken the place of all the duller boys. Instead of doing this, he somewhat overhastily turns round, and, with deplorable effrontery, accuses the setter of the problem of a ridiculous blunder.

Again, it may be asked if, after all, the two rotations of the earth affect its absolute immobility, why did not Aristotle, who asserted its immobility, claim Plato's authority in support of his doctrine? And why, as against Plato, did he not urge that, if the earth was to be stationary, it was a simpler hypothesis to make it immovable, as he himself did, from first to last, than first to upset and then to restore its immobility by the cumbersome machinery of two rotations? We might content ourselves with answering that the Stagirite never does argue as might be expected; but we will add that he may have abstained from this argument because it admits of the obvious reply, that though simpler, his hypothesis was not necessarily true—that the first half of Plato's hypothesis (the rotation proceeding from the cosmical axis) being imposed upon him inevitably by his theory, the second half (the independent rotation of the earth) was a necessary corollary in order to re-establish her immobility. But we have a still better explanation of Aristotle's silence on this subject in a fact that will also explain why he does not claim the support of Plato's authority. Aristotle's tendency is always to exaggerate the points of difference, and disguise the points of agreement, between himself and Plato—to exaggerate, that is, his own originality and disguise his obligations to his master.

This train of thought suggests to us two arguments in favour of the theory we have advanced. In the first place, the conception of explaining celestial phenomena by hypothetical movements and forces whose only function is to counteract and nullify the effect of other movements and forces, was familiar to the Greek mind at the time of the appearance of the *Timaeus* or soon after. If so, we may with the less improbability introduce such a conception into the *Timaeus*. Now, we learn from Aristotle that the astronomer Callippus proposed to explain all celestial phenomena on the geocentric theory by the assumption of thirty-three concentric spheres. Aristotle adopted his views with this innovation. Assuming that the exterior spheres necessarily propagated their movements to the interior spheres, he thought it impossible to account for all phenomena without introducing twenty-two additional spheres, whose function was simply to counteract and nullify certain of these propagated movements. These he called *σφαῖραι ἀνελίπτουσαι*, i.e., unrolling spheres, or spheres, to use our former expression, of counter-rotation. The movement of these spheres is precisely similar to, and introduced for exactly the same reason as, the independent rotation of the earth which we attribute to the *Timaeus*. We attribute it the more readily from finding it floating in the air of Greek thought about that period.

Our second argument turns on the same topic. With these counter-revolutions is connected a psychological difficulty, which we claim for our theory the merit of explaining. This astronomical invention of Aristotle must appear to the reflecting

mind to demand explanation. That great genius, happy in selecting from the suggestions of others, was absolutely devoid of originality. Wonderfully sound in judgment, of all mortals he was the most uninventive. Yet here we find him revolutionizing the dominant astronomical theory, by suddenly throwing on the *tapis* this apparently new conception of twenty-two unrolling or backward-whirling spheres. It is not a very brilliant invention. It is consistent with his doctrine that nature everywhere employs antagonist forces. It is a multiplication of prime motor principles, which may have been convenient as supplying a defence in case of any charge of heresy on the part of the polytheistic orthodoxy; but still it is not very admirable from a scientific point of view. It begins that complication in the geocentric point of view. It begins that complication in the celestial mechanism, that intricate arrangement of the sphere

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,

that at last drove men to look for simpler hypotheses in the heliocentric theory. But Aristotle inventing at all is almost as prodigious as the *bos locutus* of the Romans. Wanting in brilliancy as the conception may be, it is too pronounced, too audacious, for Aristotle unprompted. He would never have thought of it if somebody had not put it into his head. We believe that he must have got it from the same source from which he got most of his ideas. In a word, we consider it an argument in favour of our interpretation of the passage in the *Timaeus* that, supposing Aristotle understood the passage in the same way, it supplies the source from whence he may have borrowed his conception of *ἀνελίπτης* or counter-rotation. It was suggested above that *ἀλλομένη* in the passage of the *Timaeus* is equivalent to *ἀντιτομένη*. We now affirm with greater accuracy that it is equivalent to *ἀνελίπτωμένη*; and that if we substituted this Aristotelian term in the *Timaeus*, we shall have precisely, only with more clearness than Plato chose to express it, the Platonic conception.

We might justify this attributing a notion of retrogradation to *ἀλλομένη*, by referring to the only other passage in the *Timaeus* where the word occurs, where we find it used to express a backward movement or retrocession. Speaking of the Origin of Hair, Plato says:—

Ἐξ μὲν ἐτείνετο, ἀπωθούμενον ἐπὶ τὸν ἔξωθεν πνεύματος πάλιν ἐντὸς ἐπὶ τὸ δέρμα ἀλλομένον κατεῖχοιτο. "It shot outwards, but being pressed back by the atmosphere it recoiled and struck root under the scalp."

We might also appeal to Homer's use of the word, e.g.: λαὸν καὶ τείχεα ἔλσαι, "roll back the host to the walls." But we have said enough on an old-world subject, interesting only to those who take an interest in the history of philosophy. As the theory advanced is partly based on Mr. Grote's, we need hardly say that we consider that part of his theory is true; but we have no hesitation in adding our conviction that part of his theory is unsound.

LOVING AND BEING LOVED.*

THE authoress of these volumes has mistaken her vocation. She ought to employ her talents on nothing less than a Transpontine melodrama. We have never read a story so full of thrilling incident, combined with such profound mystery. Our brain reels with the number of startling surprises which succeed each other. Let us try and enumerate a few. We have a young heir kidnapped by a villainous stepfather, and turned into a workhouse boy, afterwards figuring in the story as a fashionable guardsman, and ultimately restored to his right name and estates. The history of his two sisters is no less chequered. After leading a nomad existence, they take refuge in some barracks near Dublin, and are kindly treated by the hero of the novel, who is an officer in the Hussars, of the Guy Livingstone type, and who proceeds to marry the eldest. From this gentleman she is shortly afterwards divorced, thanks to Sir Richard Bethell's Act, which passes very opportunely to allow of this, and of her second marriage to a scheming member of Parliament, who, with her in view, "has given the Divorce Act his strenuous support," but is, in private life, "one of those savage creatures which will only tear the flesh from the quivering living thing, palpitating still with the wish to live." From this Gorilla legislator she is on the point of being divorced—thus making her second appearance before Sir Cresswell—when the case against her breaks down, and she is compelled unwillingly to survive him instead. Ultimately, she marries a third time, the bridegroom on this occasion being her first husband, whom she has never ceased to regard with the tenderest affection. The younger sister leads a comparatively uneventful life. She only nourishes an illegal passion for her brother-in-law, the aforesaid officer of Hussars, and evidently expected to marry him after her sister's divorce. But he, on the contrary, is perversely bent on uniting her to a young guardsman, with whom she has compromised herself, and who turns out to be her own brother, the ex-workhouse-boy; and upon the threshold of incest, a general *éclaircissement* takes place, and the intended bride dies. Besides these three we have a lovely lunatic, whose parentage is involved in hopeless confusion, and who may lay claim to three fathers at least, real or putative. She marries the guardsman and ex-pauper, "upon whose

* *Loving and being Loved.* By the Authoress of "Zingra the Gipsy." London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1861.

jaded mind the peculiar tone of her madness fell like a refreshing dew." Then we have a stock villain, of Hibernian extraction, who thinks nothing of forgery; a respectable solicitor, who only forges once, and that a will; a treacherous waiting-maid, who is in everybody's pay, and deceives everybody; and, as a dash of the comic, an old doctor and an old maid, who damage so many reputations by their scandal that they are compelled in self-defence to marry at the end to save their own. These are a few of the personages whose sayings and doings enliven these cheerful pages. An adapter will find every possible material for a "sensation" melodrama ready to hand.

We should not have thought such a book worth serious notice, if it were not that it illustrates, while of course it grossly exaggerates, a growing fashion of the day. Considered as a mirror in which contemporary manners are reflected, the very worst novel is not utterly devoid of interest. The grain of truth which underlies all the monstrous harlequinade performed by the womankind depicted in these volumes is this—that laxer notions on the subject of female propriety have crept in of late years. Pretty old ladies, who persist in concealing their shoulders from the popular view, and pride themselves on their handsome caps, are just now asserting, with peculiar vehemence, that the girls of the present day are very different from what they were in the days when Charlotte was Queen. They used to nestle much closer to the maternal wing. No heresies had then crept into the orthodox theory of *chaperonage*, sapping the first principles on which it rests. Their style of conversation was much more Johnsonian. Such a word as "kettledrum" never sullied their lips. As yet pork-pie hats were not. *Materfamilias* held in her team with a much tighter rein. The correspondence of each of her daughters was subjected to a vigorous daily censorship. Or the letters were brought into hotchpot over the breakfast table, and the thorough ventilation which their contents received was a guarantee that they emanated only from Aunt Sophy or Cousin Caroline. No male out of the limits of near relationship could make his approaches except through the regularly authorized and accredited channels. Our modern young lady, it seems, has discarded all these ideas as old-fashioned and out of date. To a great extent she has achieved her independence of maternal control. She walks, visits, even travels alone. She has, as a matter of course, her male correspondents, and their letters are kept all to herself, if she pleases. She has opportunities for casually meeting their writers denied to the daughters of a former generation. The animal and vegetable kingdoms are both used to serve her purpose. Gardens—botanical and zoological—have immensely extended her area of flirtation. She may ask gentlemen, with the utmost impunity, for their portraits; and conversely, she may circulate as many of her own as she likes among her male acquaintances. It must make the grand-maternal hair stand on end to hear one of her female descendants rattle away over her book of photographs about Charlie this and Willie that, who have presented her with their *cartes de visites*. Happily, there are still some things which young ladies cannot do, but which are of constant occurrence in the pages of *Loving and being Loved*. They do not, as a matter of course, gravitate towards the officers' quarters in barracks. They do not in places of public resort kneel before gentlemen so openly as to be photographed in that position by enthusiastic artists. They do not throw themselves on the protection of the first man they meet in a railway carriage. There are still, we trust, "very few who perfectly comprehend the gladness with which a young girl, thrown on the world's cold mercy alone, will accept the protection of one whom she looks upon as almost a father"—but who may look upon her, we may add, with a passion anything but paternal in character.

It would be absurd to criticize gravely the morality of such a book as this. But it is so new to find an authoress taking for her theme the solubility of marriage, that it deserves a word of passing notice—the more that the sentiments put forth in these pages may possibly be typical. It is possible that there are women whose moral convictions have been rudely shaken by the Act of 1857. It is possible that there are women who may regard husbands—to use the language of this book—as mere "attachés." There is no accounting for the effect which familiarity with the "dissolving views" of the Divorce Court may have upon persons of weak understanding and vicious propensities. "Oh! those laws! how they bind and loose!" is the expression with which one of the female characters in this novel tries to justify an illicit passion for her brother-in-law. On another occasion, the hero asks himself whether those who created or suggested new laws are not answerable for the consequences. We leave Lord Westbury to answer the question, and to say whether his conscience is burdened by the matrimonial irregularities which are clearly here attributed to his legislation. But the complaint which Miss Maillard makes against the new law of divorce is that it has not paved the way to further change. She considers that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a logical consequence of a cheaper procedure in divorce. She resents warmly having been tantalized by the agitation to promote that object. "A painful law," she says, "mooted, and placed before the eyes as a possible one, even though it does not become registered at last, is discussed and commented upon for months; and the heart willing to accept it imbibes the poison." It is really too bad for a novelist to have to refrain from uniting two of her characters in marriage, and to have to kill one of them instead, simply because they happen to

stand within the prohibited degrees. We have seen what the ladies in these pages think of marriage. Here we have its history pitifully set forth by the respectable solicitor of the story:—

What can be more ridiculous than the law of marriage? or, if you will, more unscriptural? In the beginning, we are told, they were created male and female. Then man stepped in, and formed a law of ceremony and marriage. After some years this was found too binding on all parties, and too much trouble for many to contract it in the old way; so Registrar Offices were established where Church rites might be dispensed with. There you walk in two, and in five minutes come out one. Strange system of subtraction! But then the world found that, in this go-ahead age, if it had been made easier to marry, so in like manner there ought to be facilities in proportion to unmarry. It seems scarcely fair to put on a patent spring to shut up a door closely, without adding on the other side a registered latch by which it may be readily opened.

And he ends this lucid statement by advising the hero to run off with another man's wife—an act "which the laws may condemn, but all good and true hearts will applaud."

If, after the treatment it has received in these pages, it is possible to divest the whole subject of marriage of the ridiculous, we might suggest that the tone of this book, in spite of its absurdity, is a proof of the danger of tampering with a sacred obligation, and of the mischief which a few interested schemers may do to the minds of "weak sisters." Let all such, however, among the sex who propose to take husbands as they hire houses, for a term of years, beware of being misled upon one point. We are sorry to dispel any of their illusions, or cast the slightest shade over that gay career of matrimonial variety which they may be meditating. But we feel bound to inform them that they will not quite succeed in getting their divorces on such grounds as those which are held sufficient in these volumes. Sir Cresswell Cresswell is a little too sharp to let them slip through so easily, and there is the Queen's Proctor to intervene.

AMARI'S MUSSULMANS IN SICILY.*

WE might expect to find the historical theme which has during ten years exercised the research of Signor Amari a scarcely more fruitful one than an English political philosopher could make out of the *Danes in Britain*, and one even more repulsive, at first aspect, to ordinary civic and patriotic sentiments. The pre-Norman invaders of both islands originally appear as cruel heathenish marauders, and sink from the surface of history without leaving any manifest elements of order or progress to endear their memories. They brought back into organized communities, just resuming from long discord and disaster, the savage maxims of perpetual strife that flourished among frozen fiefs or the sands of the simoom. They carried fire and massacre, rape and sack into towns and churches, and into the monasteries that overspread the land; and the signal martyrdom of St. Procopius affords a parallel to that of St. Elphegius. But the Danes became at last peaceable fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers with the Angles; while in Sicily the languages and manners of the Arabs and Berbers made their fusion with a Greco-Italian population an impossibility, and their faith, which was more tenacious of its ground than Paganism, was more hostile to Christian domestic morals, and more disdainful of the image-worship of the Christian Church. Then the career of the Danes was adored by the royal virtues and abilities of a Canute, but that of the Saracens in Italy has bequeathed no such noble figure to the traditions of the people. Accordingly, seeing that no historian of our country has put the Danes in the foreground of his narrative, or ransacked sagas and runnes to get at their accounts of the raven-standard's progress, it is natural that we should find it something surprising, as well as admirable, when an Italian scholar, of a race not generally more cool-headed or free from animosities, brings forward a history of the Sicilian Mussulmans, compiled from their own heretical chroniclers and vowel-lacking manuscripts.

Yet the subject of these volumes is not treated in the manner of an amateur, nor with the trifling curiosity, though it displays all the diligence, of the antiquarian. The Sicilian Mussulmans are really valued and respected by our author—for what reasons it may be worth our while to scrutinize. Has he a merely liberal philanthropic interest in them, or that sort of romantic interest, grounded on indigenous traditions and "la carità del natio loco," which attaches our Anglo-Norman population to the mythic fame of a Cimbrian King Arthur? We find in him no tendency to such vague sympathies or to the indulgence of such imaginative foibles. Or does he seek a basis for the broad and bold comparisons of the "science of history," and hope to illustrate the tendencies of Christian States and churches by the revolutions that have occurred in the society of Antichrist? We might suspect such an inclination from passages like the following:—

In running over the *Riad-en-Nofus* [a collection of biographical memoirs], we see three types of moral perfection appear successively among the Mussulmans of Africa: in the seventh and eighth century the warrior bent on conquest, and ambitious of martyrdom; in the ninth century, the jurisconsult, who fearlessly confronts tyrants and the populace; in the tenth, the *mole abbed*, or, as we should say, man of holy life, who lets himself grow emaciated with abstinence, dissolves away in tears, passes days and nights in praying and in ruminating on supernatural events, and rarely chances to rise from his knees, to see whether his fellow-citizens are alive or dead. Indeed, hypocrites had to toil a long time to reduce Mussulman devotion to that of the Byzantine Empire, by stripping it of the martial virtue and the charity breathed by Mahomet.

* *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia. Scritta da Michele Amari. Vol. 2. Firenze: Felice le Monnier. 1858.*

Or did the Mussulmans in Sicily, we may ask, attain an industrial development, or a now forgotten poetical and philosophic culture, that might figure splendidly in the history of the Middle Ages? Their civilization, it would appear by Signor Amari, was far from contemptible, but much less brilliant than that of their brethren in Spain. We have here a notable account of the assistance which a Sicilian renegade lent to the restoration of Greek medical science by his contributions to a translation of Dioscorides, executed for an Omeiad caliph. We read also a pretty long list of original Arab poets in Sicily, from whom some sparkling aphorisms and epigrams are quoted; although, as our author has given us no imitation of their style or rhythms, nor yet analysed the structure of any long composition, it is difficult to acquire a satisfactory conception of their literary merits. But we must go to another point of view to estimate the importance of the Mussulman period. It is one in which the old Greek population of Sicily fades away obscurely, and leaves room for it to become an Italian country. Then the Saracens removed the island from the cold shade of the Byzantine dominion, and they unwillingly gave occasion, when they sank under the Norman sword, for it to be united with the genial though turbulent public life of the Latin Church and Empire, and with the reconstituted society, the chivalry and minstrelsy of Western Europe. They moreover set a brilliant example by affording to Sicily (after a few struggles between the local Governor and his superiors in Africa) all the sweets and all the solid advantages of a resident indigenous government; though it seems only to have been, at the best, a despotism tempered by street-rows. Of the direct influence which an amalgamated Arab culture may have exercised in the brilliant courts of Frederic and Manfred, when all Italian poetry, as Dante testifies, was called Sicilian, Signor Amari has not yet fully spoken—the topic being reserved for his third volume, which is announced to be in the press. But he displays pretty clearly the impression that nothing could have been worse for the land than prolonged connexion with the Eastern empire. He has an evident horror of the distant metropolis, the corrupt administration, the court anticipating all the vices of Othmanism, encompassed with eunuchs and stained with fratricides, as when "Amurath an Amurath succeeds." He has an equal repugnance, as may be partly divined from a preceding extract, to the unsocial and uncivile influences of Eastern monachism and to the narrow, ferocious pedantry of Greek polemicians. His *miso-byzantine* tendencies are strikingly, though not unfairly manifested in his account of Leo the Philosopher's exertions to defend Taormina, when it was threatened in 902, by the Aghlabite ex-caliph Ibrahim-ben-Ahmed:—

By the strength of its situation, by the number of the inhabitants, and by its traditions and monuments, this was now the capital of Byzantine Sicily, of the rugged places, that is to say, between Etna and the Peloriat, in which a handful of men were still defending the standard of the Cross. Not being able to abandon them without shame, Leo the Wise began to succour them in the way he understood, that is to say, scantly, tardily, and lamely. What we know for certain is, that in all the peril impending from the notorious preparations of Ibrahim, Leo kept the soldiers of the regular army at Constantinople to perform the part of under-masons in the erection of two churches and a monastery of eunuchs; and that he had sent to Taormina a guard under Constantine Caramanus and Michael Caractus, of whom the first turned ill, and the second, inferior in rank, was unable to repair his deficiency, or at least let it appear so. At the same time Leo requested Elias de Castrojohannis to pray for the welfare of the empire, says the hagiographer, or rather, as facts prove, to repair to Taormina, where he, being a Sicilian, with his reputation of sanctity, his rude eloquence, and his venerable aspect, might, as it appeared at the Byzantine Court, be *catching two doves with one honeycomb*—i.e., by encouraging the combatants, and purging them from their sins; from which, as was firmly believed, every defeat of the Byzantine arms proceeded. Elias, an octogenarian, infirm, kept on his feet only by the indomitable constancy of his soul, set out immediately from Calabria, with his trusted Daniel, for Sicily, under the pretext of desiring to kiss the bones of Saint Pancratius, the first Bishop of Taormina; and applied himself to his task with great alacrity. He reproached the miserable city with lacking no kind of sin, upbraided Constantine for not knowing how to withhold his soldiers from homicides, outrages, guzzling and license; he spoke to them of Epaminondas and Scipio, as men of such exemplary manners as might make the Christians blush of that corrupt epoch; and admonished them that temperance and continence were necessary virtues to him who prepares for war. He fortified, according to usage, his wise counsels with the machinery of the epic poem; he vacinated (and it was no exertion of prophetic power) the impeding arrival of the fierce African Brachimus [Ibrahim], the devastation, the burning and the butchery of Taormina and its inhabitants. When he lay sick in the house of a citizen named Chrysion, Elias said to his host, "See in this bed shall the conqueror Brachimus take his ease, and ah, what slaughter will stain these walls!" Another time, in walking across the principal piazza, he began raising his skirts to his knee; and, when asked why he did it, replied, "I see the streams of blood swelling." Then he went about the streets in his drawers, strangely enveloped in chains, and put a wooden yoke upon his neck; he left nothing undone to terrify soldiers and citizens, if they had any faith in living prophets. Thus the religion of the Byzantines always missed its mark. Elias having become the laughing-stock of the people, did not omit the last ceremony of shaking the dust off his sandals in going out of the city, and as Ibrahim drew near, set sail for Amalfi.

The Tauromenians, after all this, executed a gallant sally, and made their antagonists waver; but it may be conceived that the rallying cries and exhortations were something very different in the ranks of Islam. And so Taormina was taken. But the passive fortitude of the Bishop Procopius goes far to redeem the credit of the *morale* of the Christian side. In a subsequent campaign, when the same city was again assailed by the Mahometans, together with Rametta—the last place that held out against them in Sicily—another influential emissary of the Greek movers the scorn of Signor Amari still more vehemently. This was the

eunuch Nicetes, who commanded a fleet for the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, which hovered indolently on the coast, while the Sicilians and the landed troops were driven to extremities. He was afterwards pursued and taken, when he gave evidence of having missed an elegant *vocation* :—

He was sent over to Moezz [the emir in Africa], and remained two years at Mehdis in a commodious prison, whiling away his time by copying the homilies of St. Basilus, and some other pious Greek texts, on more than two hundred sheets of parchment; a beautiful volume, which is now in the Library at Paris, inscribed with date and name, and titles, and a donation to a church in Constantinople, executed from beginning to end with the firm, unwavering hand of a good calligraphist, with rubrics gilt and coloured, large and polished margins, columns and lines marked out with square and compass, so that Themistocles and Archimedes might have envied Nicetes for his artistic prowess.

In peace, a deep injury had been inflicted on Christian Sicily, according to our author, by an accumulation of large landed estates, which was indeed reproduced after the Norman Conquest; whereas the Arab laws of inheritance had tended to a minute subdivision of the land, which in such-like times at least, when the useful arts were slightly developed, contributed effectively to industrial progress. On this point the author's views may give rise to much discussion; but there is something less defensible to us in his partiality for political disruptions, and the turbulent liberties of small commonwealths or cantons. We will not take up the cause of the successors of Justinian—there were never great searchings of heart for the divisions of the Byzantine territory; but the cause of the Othos in Italy was fortified by a more vigorous public opinion, and by the rational prayers of nations for unity, order, and the security of the Christian faith. But this cause is contemplated with a virulent scorn by our insular historian, who forgets that the most prosperous movements for liberty, such as we trace in the history of the British islands and their colonies, have needed to be fortified by movements of consolidation. He writes of a victory which a Sicilian emir won against Otho II. in Calabria, as follows:—

Here the Arabic race paid their arrears of rent to the Italian race for Sicily, by the good blows which routed a German army, and made an Emperor, an Otho, die of rage and of the hardships he had endured. And perhaps Salernitans, Romans, and Italians of other provinces, dragged by force in the rear of the Imperial banner, blessed the Oriental scimitars that were flashing before their eyes. Oh the overruling strength of geographical necessity which made premature Guelphs of the Mussulmans of Sicily!

We are glad Signor Amari does not vouch for the historical character of the "Romans, Salernitans, and other Italians," who pronounced such a singular benediction, and we hope that the spirit of schism and perfidy which his fancy has evoked from their ashes will find in few quarters the sympathetic homage he has tendered to it. But despite some traits of revolutionary levity, the work will be a valuable treasury of facts and arguments to the students of Italian history. To the lovers of the language we cannot recommend it with equal confidence. The style, though pithy, is decidedly homely, and the diction exhibits many neologisms which professors may not favour.

A GONY POINT.*

THE present system of circulating libraries all fed from one central source removes the responsibility of choice and selection further than ever from the reader—one very definite step further. To be admitted into Mudie's list passes as a sort of guarantee—very vague it is true, but real, and perhaps inevitable, as matters stand. Books, with a great many young people, are only a delicate euphemism for novels. The young people, for instance, who talk of new books at the sea-side always mean novels. That "book" which has been first widely and ostentatiously advertised, which is then disseminated through the country with the *imprimatur* of the familiar yellow label, comes to the reader at last with some considerable prestige, especially if its author is an Oxford man and a clergyman. We may safely assume that no novel-reader this year will be without the opportunity of reading *Agony Point*—that, in the general paucity of credentials, it will come with some priority of claim, and be accepted with higher expectation than the majority. What are the claims of the majority of the novels of a season we need not decide. They rest probably on a different basis from those of *Agony Point*.

There are many different incentives to the task of writing a novel. There may be, in the first place, a teeming fancy prolific of scenes and situations, or a delight in tracing out character and motives, and showing how mind works on mind. Or there may be a vein of sentiment or pleasure in constructing a world of our own, exempt from the flatness, disappointment, and neglect of the world of our experience. Or a man wishes to draw a picture of society as it is, or as it ought to be; or he is conscious of a lively style and a new way of putting things; or he has got into the vein, and goes on from habit. Or, again, there is the moral motive. He is deeply impressed by some social view of which it is important to persuade mankind, and he constructs a parable as it were to illustrate and to set it off. Or there is a political problem to be worked out. Or Popery is to be made hateful; or Dissent vulgar; or High churchmanship Jesuitical. All these causes have produced novels of different degrees of excellence, but all with a share of freshness, originality, and interest, though the happy influence may not last beyond the first chapter—some-

* *Agony Point; or, the Groans of Gentility*. By the Rev. James Pycroft, Author of "Twenty Years in the Church." London: Booth. 1861.

thing distinctive, proving that the author has seen, and felt, and thought—that he has been impelled by something within himself. There are novels, and *Agony Point* is one of them, distinct from all these—not prompted by a knowledge, or supposed knowledge, of character—not dictated by experience of society or the world—not the fruit of speculative opinion—not the development of fancy, dreaming, or castle-building—not suggested by the sense of having anything to say, and saying it with any power to amuse or desire to instruct—but by the simple determination to write a novel because it may pay, and because there is no perception of difficulty in the task, not an instant's question of qualifications, not a moment's misgiving whether this confidence arise from insensibility to merit in others or from mere arrogance and presumption.

It is impossible to start with a smaller stock of original material than Mr. Pycroft has brought to his first novel. We do not know that anything in it is so much his own as the stock of old stories which, by his principle of selection and relation, do gain him a certain ownership, through the fresh, glowing, audacious vulgarity of his style. Strictly speaking, a close, steady, omnivorous perusal of the columns of the *Times* for some years past has been his sole preparation, and constitutes his only resource. To these he has gone for his subjects, his incidents, his characters, his plot, his reflections, his sentiments. Thus, taking that organ as the key to popular opinion, we are successively carried through the topics of the day. Whatever has been talked about for the last five years, from the decline of marriages to abuses in the Admiralty, has a place in *Agony Point*. Mothers-in-law, rates of interest, governesses and railroads, Bow-street experiences, marriage settlements, servants, private and public education, fast young ladies, unprincipled speculators, model farming, how to live on three hundred a-year, and modern extravagance, are all treated without a single original idea. The story—plot there is no attempt at—is simply the thread on which they are hung. One element of novelty it does, however, possess, creating a certain languid curiosity in the reader. The manners of the class of society with which the author may be assumed to be familiar are, without any modification given to the gentility he undertakes to paint, and very curious combinations are the consequence. The hero is a country squire; he marries a charming young lady of his own class; he has a baronet for his friend and adviser; and he spends life and fortune in keeping up the position to which he was born. The Groans of Gentility emanate from himself and his collective family, and their ambitious efforts are screwed up to what the Rector—the adviser of the piece—terms *Agony Point*. Yet we feel from beginning to end in a society quite exceptionally free from the temptation of any desire to rise. "The world," Mr. Pycroft remarks, "is like one great House of Correction"—and really it wears very much that appearance under his handling. His characters have all a tendency to rapid degeneracy; "society," he elsewhere tells us, "is a detective in plain clothes," and, indeed, we feel under the eye of the police while in their company, they drop off so naturally into adventurers and swindlers. The most repulsive forms of destitution fit upon them—the lowest disguises are in place. It is when our friend the baronet is relieving himself from the oppressive heat of false hair and whiskers, as he escapes from the consequences of a railway fraud, that he is recognised by Lady Mary Hamelyn, whom he has often met in London society. Nor are the recollections of his fall so unfortunate but that he can relish even in his flight the new phases of life to which his misdeeds introduce him. It is true, when he first hears himself called scoundrel, the chivalry of his nature rebels, and his blood fires:—

And had he acted on the first impulse he would have knocked the man down; but those days were gone by. Sir Edward Alex, Bart.,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,

has outlived the rights of chivalry, and sinks timidly away.

There is something almost touching in the candour with which the author allows himself to warm to anything low, and reckons on the sympathy of his readers. "Making a night of it over grog and biscuits," "hearing and spinning long yarns," has a snugness to his own fancy which must find a response in every heart; and as Mr. Poyser would say, "the women are made to match the men." The heroine, his ideal of sweet simple playfulness, thus manages the delicate affair of an offer of marriage:—

Such being the little world of Shimplton, the significant occurrence to which we alluded was this:—One day Minnie Chester was captain of one pair of targets, and Tom was grouped with another, ten yards to the right; and though Minnie Chester was an excellent shot, one of her arrows actually went plumb into the middle of Mr. Langley's target!

Minnie of course was taxed with this a wilful, and done with malice aforethought, when the day was over. But Minnie was quick, and never at a loss for a reply; and what with her wit, her neighbours called boldness.

"So," said Minnie, "what if I did? Pray did you read what was on the arrow, just above the letters of my own name?"

"We never thought of looking for such a thing."

"Then that only shows what slow creatures you are! If you had but discovered the words 'ask Papa,' that would have been something worth talking about, wouldn't it?"

This, on the face of it, is an old story, which Mr. Pycroft, with real powers of assimilation, has appropriated to the young lady who could condense all good counsel into two forms of "P. H."—"Philosopher and Phrump"—and, thus epitomised, despised them both. Nor are the daughters, as they grow up, unworthy of their mother. Julia classes amongst the delights of a first visit

to the metropolis—"Papa has promised to point out to me Newgate, and the exact place where we read of the poor men being hung;" and Sophy's affections are gained in this wise—"The Captain fixed his eye on Sophy, and kept it fixed quite as long—perhaps longer—than was usual. In a minute or two Sophy looked up, and the same eye was on her again." But though the Captain stared himself into her good graces, and though "he met her so frequently as to run the theory of undesigned coincidences rather too hard," the offer did not come till an unexpected turn of fortune made such a step a prudent one on his part, and till the young lady had experienced all the qualms of suspense that portionless young ladies are taught in this book to look for as their heritage. The papa, however, could have no right to complain of delay, ardent lover as he was, who had been so nearly off himself under the chafing of settlements and a mother-in-law.

We have complained of a want of original thought and fancy; but Mr. Pycroft's language is always his own. His cynicism may be borrowed, but the terms in which it is expressed ring the author's own metal, as when he tells us that "men enjoy living at an hotel when there is no bill to take the taste out of everything," or when he speaks of that landlady who, following the instincts of her kind, had "the run of her teeth at almost all times"—by which racy idiom we are to understand that she lived at her lodgers' expense. Indeed the writer's acquaintance with the world, within a certain range of experience, may have been underrated by us. He betrays a good deal of matter-of-fact, prosaic knowledge of the doings of men and women of sordid aims and low expedients, whose temper and circumstances make money and the want of it the one absorbing thought of life. This is not a region wholly untried by the novelist, but some touch of poetry or philosophy, some spirit of morbid curiosity, usually separates the author from his theme. We see him as an observer, and it is essential that he shall not be held as personally implicated in the picture he draws. This line of demarcation does not make itself perceptible in the work before us. Not that we are confined to this level of existence. Mr. Pycroft has his ideal—his benevolent, amiable ministering women, who always "trot" on their errands of kindness, and his hearty good fellows, who clap one another on the back on all occasions when they need encouragement.

It is not, after all, very easy to give a high tone to a story whose theme and moral, whose beginning and end is money. *Agony Point* is a handling of coin or a search after it—interest, capital, percentage at every page. Its jokes are pecuniary jokes. The hero's mansion is Hard-up Hall, and the duns who besiege it give him a title which we assume to be a real stroke of the author's wit, so fondly does he dwell upon it—"O'Callaghan." We will do him the parting justice to say that his moral, so far as it consists in the duty and comfort of men's paying their way, is a good one, and that he really proves a point not very difficult to prove. How far it is well done in the principal characters to renounce the degree of "gentility" with which they started on their agonized career we leave it to the reader to determine.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S ATLASES.*

THE completion of Mr. Keith Johnston's *Royal Atlas of Modern Geography* claims a special notice at our hands. While Mr. Johnston's maps are certainly unsurpassed by any for legibility and uniformity of drawing, as well as for accuracy and judicious selection, this eminent geographer's Atlas has a distinguishing merit in the fact that each map is accompanied by a special index of remarkable fulness. The labour and trouble of reference are in this way reduced to a minimum. The work, however, requires to be supplemented by a general index, since the Atlas will be used, it may be hoped, by many whose geographical knowledge will not always suffice to tell them in what country, or even in what continent, a particular place is to be looked for. Such a general index indeed is promised as an appendix in an octavo form to the present work. We regret that it did not appear simultaneously with the issue of the last instalment of the Atlas, as it might easily have done, considering that its compilation need not have involved more trouble than the amalgamation of the separate indices into one. As, however, the general index has been delayed, we would suggest that it should be so far enlarged beyond a mere register of names as to become a kind of universal gazetteer. The number of places enumerated in the separate indices is enormous. We believe indeed that every name which appears in the maps is registered in the tables; and as each place is indicated by two letters, which refer to the squares formed by the parallels of latitude and longitude, the method of using the index is extremely easy and convenient. Accompanied by the general index which is promised, this Atlas will be undoubtedly the best of its sort that has yet been published.

Another peculiarity in the maps now before us must not be forgotten. Mr. Keith Johnston has made the happy innovation

* *The Royal Atlas of Modern Geography*. By Alexander Keith Johnston. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1861.

The School Atlases of Physical Geography, Classical Geography, General and Descriptive Geography, and Astronomy. By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1861.

Manual of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, and Political. By the Rev. Alexander Mackay. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1861.

Aug. 17, 1861.]

in chartography of using a light-blue ink for all the hydrographical delineation of his maps. By daylight, therefore, this difference of colour gives the coast-lines, river-systems, lakes and canals with remarkable distinctness. By lamp-light this advantage disappears. Sir Roderick Murchison, in one of his Addresses to the Geographical Society, speaks with high approbation of this process, by which, as he says, "the orography and skeleton of every country stand out in high relief." As might be expected from the antecedents of the author of the well-known *Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena*, Mr. Keith Johnston has not confined himself in the present series to merely geographical or political chartography. Thus, his Chart of the World, on Mercator's Projection, gives us the Directions of the Ocean Currents; and we find also separate maps of the Basins of the Atlantic, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean. Besides which, we think that the "hachures" by which the mountain systems are represented are engraved more pleasantly to the eye, as well as with more relative accuracy and proportion, than in any descriptive maps, not purely physical, with which we are acquainted.

It is quite impossible for any Atlas to do more, at the present time, than approximate to accuracy of political geography. The annexation of Savoy to France and the constitution of the Italian Kingdom have considerably modified the distribution of the map of Europe; and further changes are probably imminent. In Asia, the Russian boundary is altered to the east by the cession of the territory to the north of the Amoor by China to that Power. Then, again, there are the French conquests in Cochinchina; and the promontory of Cow-loon, ceded to Great Britain, is not yet marked by Mr. Johnston with the red colour which distinguishes the neighbouring island of Hong Kong as a British possession. Across the Atlantic, the present state of disruption among the Republican States must be a torment to the political geographer. Suffice it to say, that the present *Atlas* has done its best to keep level with the territorial changes of the day.

It is much more satisfactory to trace on these maps the progressive advance of exact geographical knowledge in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Keith Johnston adopts Mr. Atkinson's discoveries in Northern and Central Asia, which have rectified and readjusted all the topographical relations of that vast district. From the brothers Schlagintweit he borrows the precise position of the Kuen Lun Mountains in Thibet, and the true watershed on the north of the Himalayas. The great trigonometrical survey of India is now beginning to bear fruit in an approximately accurate map of our Eastern Empire. We are as yet only at the beginning of the changes in mapping which a more scientific survey of the earth's surface will inevitably produce. As we write, the first steps have been taken, as we find from the newspapers, for the junction of our own great triangulation with those of France and Russia. Meanwhile, if exact scientific topography is advancing in civilized countries, we are learning more and more every day from the ruder observations of travellers about the hitherto unexplored regions of the earth. The interior of Africa is gradually revealing its secrets. To the French in Algeria, and to the researches of Richardson, Barth, Overweg, and Baikie, we owe the discovery of the Benue river and the exploration of the basin of the Niger and of Lake Tchad. Burton and Speke must be credited with the discovery of the great inland seas, Victoria Nyanza, and Tanganyika; Andersson and Galton with the exploration of Lake Ngami and the neighbouring region; while Livingstone has made known to us Lake Shirwa and the course of the Zambesi. The results of other African travels, such as those of Beke, Von Heuglin, Parkyns, and Von Kloden in Abyssinia, Rebmann and Krapf in Zanguebar, and Petherick near the sources of the Nile, are embodied in Mr. Johnston's most interesting map. Besides which we observe that the French from Senegambia in the west, and our own countrymen from the south, are gradually extending inland their knowledge of the chief geographical features of the unknown country beyond. Finally, M. du Chaillu's chain of mountains, extending inland eastward of the Gorilla country on the equatorial line is marked here as "probable." In America less conspicuous results have been obtained. We are beginning, however, to know more of the district called British Columbia in the Far West. The Amazon, the Plata, and the Paraná, having been opened to commerce, will soon be satisfactorily explored; and we hear that the Southern American States of Brazil, Ecuador, the Argentine Confederation, Peru, and Chile, are endeavouring to lay down with accuracy their own proper geography.

Turning to Australia, the most remarkable change in the map is the gradual extension along the north-eastern coast, in the new colony of Queensland, of the fulness of geographical details which testifies to the rapid progress of discovery in that part of the great island-continent. Mr. Johnston indicates the tracks of the more famous explorers, Kennedy, Leichhardt, Mitchell, Sturt, Gregory, and Stuart. The last discovery of the last-named traveller, that namely of the middle point of the continent, which has accordingly been named "Central Mount Stuart," is too recent to find its place in the map now before us. No one can yet say with any certainty what are the true geographical features of the interior of Australia. But this mystery is surely destined to be revealed before many years to the courage and perseverance of Australian travellers.

The present *Atlas* has been nearly five years in course of publication, so that in some few unimportant particulars it may be already antiquated. But, upon the whole, we know no series of maps which we can more warmly recommend. The accuracy,

wherever we have attempted to put it to the test, is really astonishing. The work, though not so unique as the author's *Physical Atlas*, is by no means the least service which this eminent chartographer has rendered to geographical science. Simultaneously with his *Royal Atlas*, we have received Mr. Keith Johnston's valuable series of *School Atlases*, with Mr. Mackay's accompanying *Manual of Modern Geography*, of which we give the titles at the head of this article. These we are also able to recommend heartily as well adapted to the special purpose for which they are intended. The *Physical Atlas* seems to us particularly well executed. It begins with an useful description of chartographical methods. But here we notice some omissions. An elementary manual ought to contain, for example, an explanation of what is called Mercator's projection, and also of the gnomonic projection. Again, it is a considerable error which, in the geological map of England, places the Axe Edge of Staffordshire east of the Derwent, and accordingly in another county. Being the watershed of England, as its ancient British name indicates, the misplacement of this mountain is the more remarkable. In the following map, which gives the mountains, plains, and valleys of Europe, differently coloured according to the general elevation of each district, it is surely a mistake to represent a low plateau with a maximum of 500 feet of elevation as extending right across England from Flamborough Head to Morecambe Bay. We know that minute accuracy cannot be attained in physical maps of this small scale; but a nearer approximation to correctness might be made than this, if the map is to be of any practical value at all. However, the isothermal lines, and the limits of the more characteristic trees and fruits, are given very legibly, and the amount of information conveyed in the whole series is very great and very agreeably communicated. The last generation had no such help to learning as is afforded in these excellent elementary maps.

The *Classical Atlas* is a great improvement on what has usually gone by that name. Not only is it fuller, but in some cases it gives the same country more than once in different periods of time. Thus it approaches to the special value of a historical *Atlas*. The index is copious, the places being marked with longitude and latitude, projected on the meridian of Greenwich; and all the names are marked with signs of quantity over each doubtful syllable. The *Modern Atlas* is wonderfully full and accurate for its scale. Its map of Italy is curiously transitional, representing Savoy as annexed to France, and Tuscany as annexed to Piedmont, while even the Romagna still belongs to the Pope. More recent territorial changes are chronicled in a note since engraved upon the plate. We call attention to this, not to complain of what is inevitable, but to urge the great convenience of every map having its date engraved upon it at the corner. All geographical students will understand how valuable such information will become a few years hence. Finally, the *Astronomical Atlas*, in which Mr. Hind is responsible for the scientific accuracy of the maps, supplies an admitted educational want. No better companion to an elementary astronomical treatise could be found than this cheap and convenient collection of astral maps. Mr. Mackay's *Manual* is meant to accompany the *School General Atlas*. It contains a prodigious array of geographical facts, and will be found useful for purposes of reference. But we doubt whether the science can be taught effectively by anything but the maps themselves; and from several indications, as we turned over his rather dry pages, we conclude that Mr. Mackay may be more trusted in the facts which he borrows than in the inferences which he sometimes draws from them.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.*

M. R. PALGRAVE'S volume is no ordinary book of extracts for school-room consumption, jumbled together without rhyme or reason, and where Dr. Watts's invariable busy bee alternates with a platitude of Mrs. Barbauld's. Our author confines himself to lyrical pieces by dead poets. He does not commence before the Elizabethan era, which excludes Chaucer, "the morning star" of English song, and others of whom we would gladly see specimens, as rendering the collection more complete in an historical aspect. The first Book comprises the ninety years terminating with 1616. The second takes us down to 1700. The third to 1800. The fourth includes the deceased poets of this century. These Books are named from Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth respectively.

To our author's definition of lyrical poetry we are not disposed to except, especially as it is advanced with hesitation and modesty. "Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion—have been excluded." Certainly nothing can well be more vague than the changes and combinations which the term "lyrical" has lately undergone on wrappers and title-pages of sensitive minor poets as yet ungathered to fame. Yet we conceive that by stretching a little its original meaning into "suitable for music," or "fit to be sung," we can get a rough but sufficient test for working purposes, with

* *The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*. Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1861.

out analysing so deeply as our author what the term is intended to imply. There must occur a good deal of debatable land between lyrical and narrative rhyme in the real old ballad poetry, as opposed to its most successful modern imitations, such as "Lord Ulin's Daughter" or "Rosabelle." It is probably on this score that so many genuine ballads are here excluded, that we are inclined to consider this kind of composition as somewhat too slenderly represented. It is, however, much to be lamented, that the wholesale insertions and restorations of over-zealous collecting editors should have tainted many of our finest examples with undue suspicion. In the first and second books, which should to all intents include the whole class chronologically (excepting, of course, the Medieval specimens), we can only find "O waly waly up the bank," "Fair Helen of Kirconnell," and "The twa Corbies," designedly printed together. These three specimens are, it is true, as good as are to be found, but we are dissatisfied at the absence of others, and could even afford to oust some of the Celiasts and Lucasas (not the one with the nunnery metaphor) to make room for them. Take, for instance, the "Bonnie Bairns," with the requisite central idea developed strongly enough into an exquisite ballad, considerably more lyrical than the average of its class. Or, should we here suspect some modern touches of Allan Cunningham, it might be inserted a century later. The religious character of the piece is not sufficiently strong to warrant exclusion, if compared with "The Ode on the Nativity." Now that the works of Mr. Tennyson are becoming so thoroughly classical, it might be interesting to his contemporaries, as it certainly will be to future commentators, to observe the influence of the second ballad, "Fair Helen," p. 87, on his "Oriana." Wordsworth's success, we may remark, in versifying this fine relic was in nowise notable. Mr. Palgrave has given us further on two comparatively modern variations on the uncertain original text of the "Braes of Yarrow"—one anonymous, the other by Logan—besides printing Wordsworth's "Yarrow unvisited and visited." Among this abundance on one particular theme, we venture to regret the absence of, to our minds, the best version of all—that by William Hamilton of Bangour, published about 1760, according to Percy. This Mr. Palgrave, in a note, considers inferior to what he has given. At any rate, Wordsworth chose the version which we prefer for imitation. Compare, for instance, one of Hamilton's verses with anything in our author's ballads of pp. 118—120:—

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wroth the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

We admire and applaud Mr. Palgrave's courage in admitting a thoroughly typical and honest ballad of a totally different tone and manner, "Sally in our Alley," the freshness and genuine feeling of which will outlast many more showy productions. It abounds with a most quaint expression of real and deep pathos, yet one can scarcely repress a rising inclination to smile at every other line.

We do not doubt that Mr. Palgrave has found the task of selection from among the sonnets of Shakespeare difficult enough. He warns his readers, with great justice, that these pieces are not to be mastered or understood offhand. Indeed, we know nothing which requires tougher study or thought. Among the smaller lyrical fragments out of the plays, we are glad to find an old favourite of ours, seldom quoted and almost unknown as compared with "Crabb'd Youth and Age," or "When Icicles hang by the Walls." It occurs in the *Twelfth Night*:—

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

This we take to be perfect quintessence of Shakespeare, and yet it is often passed over unnoticed. For exhaustive statement, pregnancy of meaning, and closeness of thought, it is seldom equalled. The words are all of the commonest, or even homeliest, description; and the ideas at first sight seem almost trivial. Shelley and Keats might have studied such an extract with advantage. We miss in Mr. Palgrave's work, however, one verse out of *Hamlet* which, unlike the former, is justly celebrated, and claims we suggest, admission in this collection, as being more essentially lyrical than the great proportion of the Shaksperian extracts already admitted therein. It is the well-known

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.

Mr. Palgrave has headed the *Twelfth Night* extract with "Carpe diem." He apologizes, once for all, in a note for the various titles he has prefixed on his own responsibility. No doubt he has bestowed much thought on this, as on other incidental difficulties of his task; yet in most cases we should prefer to print the first line of the extract, for to give a new title is a kind of re-touching *pro tanto*, and a modern Shaksperian heading generally looks like a restoration in an Elizabethan structure—that is, very rarely of a piece with the rest. *Carpe diem* especially has an Epicurean echo about it totally foreign to the more real philosophy and more earnest atmosphere of the quotation. We also suggest that one specimen at least of the many mad songs once

so curiously current in this country, and we believe almost peculiar to it, might be added to the volume.

A well-arranged and conscientiously selected collection like that before us is peculiarly valuable as conducive to and encouraging a more expansive appreciation of the poetry of different schools and centuries. Such universality of taste is but little current at the present day. There is an increasing tendency to swear by some particular poetic master and to hate and deny all merit to the rest. Thus the lover of Shakespeare must be the hater of Pope; and the reader of Byron shall hold no converse with Wordsworth or Coleridge. We suggest no doubt extreme cases, but to speak roughly and in all generality, Pope, Wordsworth, and Mr. Tennyson may be said at the present moment to be the suppliers of ideality to old age, middle age, and youth respectively. These parties of verse-readers interchangeably hate each other's gods, and thereby much after-dinner discussion is promoted and no very tangible result ensues. It is, however, about equally probable that a ploughboy should come to be Lord Chancellor utterly without talent, as that any man should raise himself to be the poet of his own or any subsequent age without some intrinsic merit of the highest character. Granting this, the fault will be in ourselves and not in their verses if we cannot discern their excellence. It is therefore folly to insist upon proselytizing every one to that particular style of composition which may suit our individual age or temperament.

Another advantage of such a collection of miscellaneous pieces is, that chances of comparison and more extended reputation are thereby afforded to the poets of one poem, whose single work is often only accessible in such volumes. Charles Wolfe, who wrote the "Burial of Sir John Moore," is the most remarkable type of the class we allude to; for although his literary remains were published, and to a certain extent known, his whole fame rests on these few stanzas. But besides Wolfe, and putting out of sight all the anonymous pieces, equal to the best, where all record of the hand that wrote them has been lost, we have only to turn over the pages of Mr. Palgrave's *Treasury* to find detached poems of the highest excellence by authors whose very names many will probably meet with there for the first time. As of the poet, so of any particular work—continued popularity would undoubtedly, in a very great proportion of instances, presuppose certain merit; but in reviewing a lyrical collection, we may in all justice qualify this conclusion by observing that the preservation of some songs to the present day may have resulted entirely from their lyrical success—that is, because they were songs—and not from their excellence as poetry. More than this, the personal reputation of some favourite vocalist of the time may have earned them undeserved popularity. Thus, any song which Mr. Robson takes in hand would have an excellent chance of street success. These remarks arise from our finding Gay's "Black-eyed Susan" among the fortunate candidates for admission into Mr. Palgrave's exclusive volume. We confess to suspecting that the popularity of this poem is in a great measure to be thus accounted for. To our minds, there is a stage-marine flavour about it, redolent of later Dibdinism, if we are allowed the expression. A really perfect specimen of the genuine sea-song is given us here, at p. 201, without title. This is by Allan Cunningham, and we have always heard it called "The Snoring Breeze." As Mr. Palgrave does not object to manufacture new headings, it is not unfair to ask him to prefix an old one when tolerably expressive. In one collection of songs we have seen, the perverse delicacy of the editor has softened this to "swelling breeze."

We are glad to observe that our author has printed a remarkable piece, called "To-morrow" (p. 163), of the author of which, it appears, nothing has survived except his surname, *Collins*. We had also seen this song before in a manuscript version, with some trifling differences from the present. Mr. Palgrave's note here is to the point, and suggests a novel and unexplored direction of criticism:—

It is a lesson of high instructiveness to examine the essential qualities which give first-rate poetical rank to lyrics such as "To-morrow" or "Sally in our Alley," when compared with poems written (if the phrase may be allowed) in keys so different as the subtle sweetness of Shelley, &c. &c. Intelligent readers will gain hence a clear understanding of the vast imaginative range of poetry—through what wide oscillations the minds and the taste of a nation may pass—how many are the roads which truth and nature open to excellence.

In conclusion, we thank Mr. Palgrave for a pleasant and instructive volume. In the arrangement and carefully considered juxtaposition of the different extracts, it is certainly superior to any book of the class we have yet seen. With his evident knowledge of the subject, our author has modestly confined himself to four pages of preface, and a very moderate amount of notes at the end of the work. In other respects, he is content to retire into the background, and let each poem speak for itself; but whenever Mr. Palgrave does speak, it is sensibly and without pretension.

RURAL LIFE IN BENGAL.*

A NY work which helps to make the English public more familiar with native character and customs in India is sure to be regarded with interest. In one respect at least, *Rural Life in Bengal* fulfils this condition. The illustrations are excellent;

* *Rural Life in Bengal*. Letters from an Artist in India to his Sisters in England. By the Author of "Anglo-Indian Domestic Life," &c. London: Thacker and Co. 1860.

and there can be no doubt that they were really, what so many sketches only profess to be, taken on the spot. Places, buildings, and natives are all drawn with manifest fidelity, and may convey to those who have never been in India a very truthful conception of the people and scenery in the East. The letters which accompany the engravings were written by the author (a Mr. Grant, as we learn elsewhere) to his sisters at home, to whom the book is dedicated. They contain an account of Mr. Grant's experience of mofussil life in the Kishnagur and Jessore districts, where his visits were chiefly paid at the houses of indigo planters. Though of course favourably disposed towards a class of men from whom he received much friendly hospitality, Mr. Grant advocates the cause of his hosts with great moderation. His testimony as to the operations, character, and influence of these independent settlers is rendered the more valuable, because, at the time it was written, the disputes between the planters and ryots had not reached to the magnitude they have since attained. Nor does Mr. Grant appear to have foreseen, or to have had any suspicion of the impending storm. The subject is one of considerable interest, involving as it does an important branch of trade, and the still more vital question of the relations of Europeans with natives.

The indigo plant is indigenous to India, but is grown chiefly in the Bengal Presidency and North-West Provinces. It is from Bengal that almost the whole consumption in England, and it is said, four-fifths of that of the whole world, is supplied. In the year 1858, 3368 tons of indigo, amounting in value to 14,764,103 rupees, were exported from this Presidency to Great Britain, France, and other places. In order duly to appreciate the real value and extent of this supply, it is necessary to bear in mind what Mr. Grant mentions, that—

To produce one small cake of this valuable material, 3½ inches square (when dry), and about 8½ ounces in weight, upwards of the thirtieth part of an acre of plant is consumed.

We have noticed these facts in order to give our readers some idea of the value and importance of this production in a commercial point of view. We shall now offer a few remarks on the difficulties which seem to beset its successful cultivation in India. Mr. Grant, we think, is right in his assumption that the complaint of indigo cultivation interfering with the rice crops, is not the true cause of its unpopularity with the natives. The fact, indeed, that a very large proportion of the rice consumed by them is sown in low wet lands utterly unsuited for indigo, in itself renders this supposition improbable. And if it be further true, as is asserted, that four-fifths of the whole extent of land occupied by the planters is, from one cause or another, unfitted for rice cultivation, the probability that this is not the real reason becomes almost a certainty. It seems also that, in high-land districts, the soil will not yield a good crop of rice for more than two years in succession, though the same land, when alternated with indigo and rice, continues productive for several years.

The reason of the native dislike to indigo can therefore only be ascribed to the ill-regulated relations existing between planter and ryot, which hinder an equitable adjustment of terms between the two parties. The ruinous system of advance of wages, which their abject poverty renders inevitable in all dealings with the natives of India, and the present inability of the planters to compel the fulfilment of their contracts, is undoubtedly the secret of the perpetual strife which has hitherto impeded Europeans in their attempts to make the culture of land in India profitable to themselves, and at the same time beneficial to the natives. Perhaps, also, an old and not yet eradicated prejudice in the minds of the Civil Service against all who are not officially connected with the Government, has had a share in preventing a more speedy settlement of this question. Private enterprise, instead of receiving the encouragement it deserved, has unhappily been uniformly regarded with a jealous, and at times even hostile eye, by those to whom it has fallen to govern India. Previously, indeed, to the year 1829, no European was permitted to hold land upon lease in India. The fraud and litigation to which this gave rise—Europeans obtaining land, notwithstanding, under fictitious names—led at last to the rule being rescinded. But the difficulties and obstructions which seriously affected the independent settler were still many in number, and even at the present day have not been wholly removed. Such careful exclusion from the field of all possible rivals may have been natural, if not justifiable, on the part of a professionally trading company, but would be quite unworthy as an act of national policy. We trust, therefore, that henceforth every inducement will be held out to moneyed emigrants who are willing to invest European energy and skill in soil capable of repaying abundantly the capital and labour bestowed upon it. It is not likely that men will be tempted to risk their lives and money in a country which offers even the advantages of India, if the law will not guarantee an undisturbed tenure of their land, and protect them against fraud and dishonesty on the part of the natives. In the present state of affairs, it is probably no easy matter for the ryot to act honestly even with the best intentions. His connexion with the planter who hires his services is very unlike that existing between master and servant in this country. Here, though the old feudal feeling which formerly united the two is indeed fast dying out, the ties of a common race and kindred sympathies still remain. In India, on the contrary, master and servant are held together by no such bonds of union, and the ryot simply looks on the Englishman as a foreign intruder, whom necessity may compel

him to serve, but whom he is also quite free to cheat. His interests and duty are moreover constantly opposed, and his inclinations distracted by the conflicting claims of rival superiors. Sometimes it is the native Zemindar, from whom the planter has rented his land, who asserts his right to a share in the ryot's scanty earnings. Or again—and most formidable of all—it is the Muhajun, or native money-lender, to whom he is commonly in bondage from some long-standing debt, contracted perhaps originally in order to obtain the necessary means for cultivating his land at all. As this money has often been borrowed at the enormous interest of from 50 to 100 per cent., and the greater part been paid in goods sold at a like usurious profit, his chance of ever being free again is pretty nearly hopeless. It is, probably, a good deal due to this prospect of inevitable bankruptcy sooner or later, that the natives of India are reckless and improvident to an almost incredible extent. To be in debt is, with the majority of them, one of the most ordinary events of life. Perfectly heedless of the future, they incur liabilities, especially on the occasion of a marriage, or any other domestic or semi-religious ceremony, which they have not the remotest chance of ever discharging. The poorest coolie at such a time will not hesitate a moment (provided he can obtain credit or a loan) to spend more rupees than his wages for years would suffice to repay.

Mr. Grant, in common with most writers on India, denounces vehemently the practice of "dustoorie," or a perquisite of two pice in each rupee, claimed by servants on all purchases made for their masters. In the case of bazaar traders this is comparatively a harmless tax, as there is little fear but the dealer makes a handsome profit on his bargains in spite of it. But when, as Mr. Grant expresses his belief (and, we doubt not, rightfully), a similar deduction is made by every native official from the money which passes through his hands on its way to the wretched ryot, what in the one case is but a petty fraud becomes here a gross act of oppression. Indeed, the way in which natives live upon each other, snatching, as it were, the food out of one another's mouths, is as melancholy as it is notorious. "The whole social system of the people, in short," as our author well remarks, "is one of 'mutual absorption,' inherent, and as obstinately adherent to them as 'frieze to birdlime.'" To such an extent is this carried, that, when one member of a family has secured a tolerably good situation, it is a common practice for a number of needy relatives to live in idleness on the proceeds of his labour. The slavish attachment to customs which centuries of mechanical submission have rooted deeply in their minds, makes the natives cling to these established abuses, even though themselves such heavy sufferers in consequence.

There can, of course, under such circumstances be but small hope of any radical improvement, except in the gradual elevation of the national character by means of education. The extreme eagerness of the natives to receive instruction, and more especially to learn English, is one of the most encouraging signs in the present state of India. The facility with which they acquire languages is something quite remarkable, and would a good deal surprise those who imagine the native of India wanting in capacity. An intelligent Hindoo or Mussulman boy will read English fluently after three or four months' teaching, though, perhaps, not able to understand or explain all the words. Most natives can usually speak more than one of the Indian languages, and Hindustani will carry a person through any part of India. At Muinath, Mr. Grant's friend, who was an indigo planter, had devoted the drying room of his factory to be used as a school, where from sixty to a hundred children gladly flocked for instruction. A man who thus proves his interest in the people's welfare, by such wise and well-directed attempts to benefit them, is sure in time to obtain an influence over their hearts and minds, which nothing else can bestow. Mr. Grant gives a very full and interesting account not only of the cultivation of the plant, but of the whole process of manufacturing the indigo, from the sowing of the seed, to the cutting and stamping the little square cakes in which form it is sold in the shops.

The concluding letters are occupied with the social condition of the natives; and more particularly with the way in which children are brought up, and daughters handed over to the tender mercies of husbands in whose selection they have had no choice, and the cares of married life, when they have scarcely passed the limit of their own short-lived childhood. The picture is as sad and revolting as we fear it is also but too commonly true. We can only trust that the influence of English example, in the respect shown amongst ourselves by the stronger to the weaker sex, may in time produce an effect upon native prejudice, and secure for these poor women that reverence and consideration at present only to be met with in the homes of Christian nations. We believe, with Mr. Grant, that until woman is permitted to exercise her rightful powers as a softening and humanizing agent in the affairs of daily life, there is but slight hope of a moral and social regeneration being ever effected in India. Since the late dreadful mutiny, which shook our power in the East to its very foundations, much has been said and written on the alleged suspicion by the natives of our design to force upon them our own religion. How far these assertions are well founded, we shall not stop now to inquire. It is indeed natural enough that the votaries of a worn-out and inherently rotten system should have made a resolute though desperate effort to arrest

the progress of decay and downfall in their long-cherished superstitions. But the introduction of European science and civilization, far more we believe than the assaults of zealous, if sometimes indiscreet missionaries, has set the seal of destruction on the already tottering fabric of Oriental belief. Where belief has preceded inquiry, inquiry avenges itself in the end by the overthrow of belief. The more intelligent natives of India have already learned enough of moral and physical science to make them incredulous of the fables which satisfied their ancestors, though not yet sufficiently enlightened to throw off the letters of caste and custom, which still hold them in bondage to the creeds which they secretly despise. The spirit of superstition has been exorcised by the spirit of infidelity, and the semi-Anglicized native mocks at the faith which, while conscious of its falsity, he yet has not the courage wholly to abjure. He is like a man who feels the soil beneath his feet crumbling away, but lacks resolution to take the leap which might place him on firmer ground. In short, we regard the present mental condition of India as very similar to that transitional state through which the old Greek and Roman societies were passing at the time of the Christian era, when the Pantheon was only retained as a concession to popular ignorance, and *populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the avowed maxim both of philosopher and priest. Such a period of intellectual scepticism is perhaps inevitable in the life of every people, and any attempt to supersede or shorten it can hardly be attended with success. If, when the time comes in India, as soon it must, that this state of uncertainty becomes intolerable to the natives themselves, we are prepared to supply their cravings with a faith which shall satisfy their deepest needs and their highest aspirations, Christianity may yet achieve new conquests, and extend her dominion from the furthest shores of the West to the utmost bounds of the East.

OUR SOCIAL BEES.*

THE papers collected under this somewhat affected title have been previously published in various journals or periodicals. They were well worth putting together, and form a volume of very agreeable light reading. Without exaggeration, it is difficult to popularize what on the whole is true. We therefore make some allowance for our author on the score of this necessity, and take "Our Peck of Dirt"—a paper in which it is strikingly exemplified—with a "grain of salt" at his hand. Yet the various topics which he touches lose somewhat from being presented as a whole. They read with more gusto in their detached form, amid a wide margin of neutral matter, than thus reflecting cross lights on each other. Many of them appear to have been composed under the stimulus of public attention accidentally directed to their subject-matter. They were written up to a momentary demand, which has since flagged, and a certain air of flatness, staleness, and collapse pervades the somewhat laboured descriptions and forced starts of enthusiasm. We recommend any reader to whom the collected papers may be still novel to dip into the book at haphazard, and not read more than two of its chapters at a sitting. Taken in moderate quantities, it will not cloy; and the facts, if true—and we see no *prima facie* reason for suspecting them in the main—will bear a good deal of rumination. The author does not think much, but he affords excellent materials for thinking. We will give, as a specimen, some of the more curious statements regarding the use of the Post-Office, from the first article in the book:—

The miscellaneous articles that pass through the post under the new regulations are sometimes of the most extraordinary nature. Among the *livestock*, canary birds, lizards, and dormice passed not long ago, and sometimes travelled hundreds of miles under the tender protection of rough mail-guards. Leeches are also very commonly sent, sometimes to the very serious inconvenience of the postmen. Ladies' shoes go through the general office into the country by dozens every week; shawls, gloves, wigs, and all imaginable articles of light weight, crowd the Post-Office; limbs for dissection have even been discovered (by the smell), and detained. In short, the public have so little conscience with respect to what is proper to be forwarded, that they would move a house through the post if they could do it at any reasonable charge.

Again:—

The Scotch dead letters rarely contain coin; and of articles of jewellery, such as form presents sent as tokens of affection, there is a lamentable deficiency; whilst the Irish ones are full of little *cadeaux* and small sums of money, illustrating at once the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. As regards the "conscience" of the public, the matter may be set at rest by the consideration that the Post-Office, by carrying by weight, virtually became a carriers' company, with certain ill-defined limitations. The boundary within which they ought to rest, being thus uncertain, could only be cleared by experiment, and every experiment is made at the sender's risk. Even when the experiment is made in such *vili corpore* as the human animal frame, unless intended as a mere practical joke upon the officials, which is not suggested, the same rule applies. The more extreme the case, if it admit a possible doubt, the more applicable is the test, "Try it." To the medical student the contents of his grim packet were as much a matter of business, and seemed, perhaps, as ordinary an object, as the satin shoes to the ladies' shoemaker. Of course, the Post-Office very properly decided against the transmission of such remains, and entered the silent protest of destroying this very "dead" letter.

* *Our Social Bees; or, Pictures of Town and Country Life, and other Papers.* By Andrew Wynter, M.D., Author of "Curiosities of Civilization," &c. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1861.

Dr. Wynter shines most in a bustle, and prefers scenes which gratify his predilection and bring out his *forte*. The General Post-Office at one minute to six o'clock, Hyde Park at five o'clock, St. George's Hospital at one o'clock, the same at three o'clock, Price's Candle Yard in a "melting" moment, the *Times* packing-room between four and six A.M.—such are the specimens which show him best. Even the Hunterian Museum—a solemn thing enough, surely—is made to feel somehow in a bustle when Dr. Wynter "falls into a certain attitude of wonder" at its portals. The extinct animals seem to be touched with life, and disposed to frisk about him—the "series of tadpoles" to be convulsed, and almost "shed their tails" as a tribute to his presence. The giants in glass cases become condescendingly familiar—the very skulls seem to wink and grin in sympathy with our facetious author. One is even made to produce (by deputy) "his card, which lies against the wall in the shape of a coffin-plate." From it we learn that—

"Mr. Jonathan Wilde died May 24, 1725, in ye 42d year of his age." The card forgets to give his last address, doubtless from motives of delicacy. Tyburn was not such a fashionable neighbourhood then as it has since become.

The reader will observe the easy play of plausibility with which the black fact is draped over. The medical education of the author, and his propensity to imitate the manner of Mr. Dickens, have infused a "Bob Sawyer" tone into these professional topics, which, in fiction, was objectively true, for there are many medical students who adopt it, but is much to be regretted as the model chosen here. We may add a proneness to physiological metaphors which tinges the book with a professional mannerism. Thus not only is Hyde Park a "lung," but we have the arteries, veins, pulse, &c., constantly brought in to varnish some plain fact of motion and life which might have been plainly stated. One paper is entitled "The Nervous System of the Metropolis."

The happiest articles in the collection appear to us to be those entitled "A Mock Auction," and "Commercial Grief." The lines on which Dr. Wynter runs his train of facts slope off by such an easy curve into the region of fiction that we can hardly tell where he means us to suppose lies the limit from which the latter commences. There is evidently a good deal of make-up in the following dialogue:—

"I produced my list [of articles wanted]. Scanning it critically, he said, 'Permit me to inquire, sir, if it is a deceased partner?' I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he replied, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. Our parmattas and crapes in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the *Inconsolable*."

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh no!" he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's afflictions, and was termed the 'Stunning-blow Shade'; it makes up well, however, with our *bereavement silk*—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

As a real colloquy, this is somewhat too strong for our digestion; but advertisements have probably furnished a substantial basis for what sounds poetical. It is to be taken as fact in the same sense, perhaps, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger's assurance that "there is snug lying in the abbey," or his polite inquiry whether his friend would prefer "to be pickled and sent home." The few words which conclude, on monumental decoration, no doubt suggested themselves to the author's gay fancy as it hovered round some real emporium of marble. He is informed by the presiding *genius loci*—

"When the father of a family is called away on a sudden, we break the column off short with a rough fracture; if it has been a lingering case, we chisel it down a little dumpy. That, for instance," said he, pointing to a very thick pillar, fractured as sharp and ragged as a piece of granite, "is for an awful and sudden affliction—a case of apoplexy—a wife and seven small children."

The symbolism is certainly happy; and the reader will, on his next visit to Kensal Green or the "Necropolis"—that horrid name which modern paganism has substituted for the equally good Greek, only Christian, "Cemetery"—be able to decipher for himself the allusions which the popular device of the broken shaft, "rugged" or "dumpy," may convey. The author demands, in conclusion, some patterns of monumental crosses, but is indignantly told—and we quite believe the literal reality of the reply—

"No, you must go to Paddington for them sort of things. Lord bless your soul! we should ruin our trade if we was to deal with such Pusey things."

"I never knew before," said I, "that Sectarianism pursued us even to our tombstones."

The whole passage conveys, however, a somewhat disheartening truth, which the observation of any one who has had to order a funeral will enable him to corroborate. Vile dull designs in the most coarse and hackneyed style weary the eye of the well-meaning scrutineer who travels over the stock in trade of the undertaker. Why must it still be that, while there is an evident growth in taste as regards all the means and appliances which surround our life with comfort and elegance, simplicity and refinement should stop short where the yearnings of affection or the decency of good taste would most wish their dictates followed? From a cathedral church down to a thimble, architects and artists in every degree may be found who labour in a spirit of artistic emulation of the ideal; but when we come to bury our dead, we find our-

Aug. 17, 1861.]

which General at five and three speciem—a bustle "der" at life, "to be his pre-familiar with our (deputy) coffin—. The delicacy, was since which the or, and infused ich, in students chosen aphors Thus veins, fact of One " to be Grief." scope off hardly catch the set-up in he said, "as we ent by crepes to show auctured de;" it e—and diges. antial same there er his few t sug- round sding

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elves plunged at once in a bathos of conventionalism. Monuments, indeed, have received a higher tone of late, and we see from our author how the improvement is regarded by "the Trade." In these matters we deal not with an artist, but with a tradesman—a huckster of "loathed Melancholy," whose only rule is what will enable him to make the most lumping charges. Mr. Ruskin might do good service if he would see to it in earnest. Why does the nightmare procession of the black parallelogram, with its stumpy forest of feathers, still cumber the way of opulent bereavement? Why those flat-nosed metallic angels sprawling within the fence of black nailheads that garnishes the coffin lid? Why must the coffin be so lumpy and shapeless? Why have we that dead-march of mutes with all their top-heavy sorrows of swathed hats and hooded wands? The only answer is that it is a mere upholstery department, and that "the trade" have nothing else to offer. The spirit of revived art has not penetrated here. It is all "shop" still, and, being found to pay in the form of charges, is acquiesced in with faint grumblings, because no one at the moment can shape and baffle forth a corrective idea.

We turn, for refreshment's sake, to a paper on "The Turkish Bath." Here, as usual, our author prefers the dramatic to the didactic form. We could have wished something showing a little power of reflection on the facts so well painted; but Dr. Wynter, in spite of his profession, has no opinion to give nor suggestion to offer, save the trite one, "there is quackery in this matter, as in all others," and an equally respectable commonplace on the "immense importance" of the skin as a "medical region." The Turkish bath, he adds, "is a reminiscence of the old Roman bath of the Lower Empire." Of course this is so; but the graver question recurs, Is this a recommendation? The science of bathing was certainly more minutely studied, and probably better understood, by the ancient physicians than by their modern successors in this country. A thickish volume has been compiled—*De Balneis*—containing the pith of all that they had written on the subject, from Hippocrates down to Avicenna and Maimonides. Certainly man never lived at a grosser rate than did the heathen Roman noble of the Imperial period. The quantum of sensual enjoyment which could be obtained in a day being assumed as the object of each day's life, he found the bath in its most stimulating form a welcome subsidiary. The epigram is well known:—

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrupunt corpora nostra;
Sed faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus.

The bath, used, we are told, according to the most improved modern recipe, was among the means of perilous enjoyment—one of the things for which our old Roman lived, and by which he ruined his constitution, and died. Is there not some reason to think that the bath was so applied to brace up the jaded frame to a further relish of revels and debauchery when the exhausted nerves had become stagnant to pleasurable vibrations? Of course it may remain, under due advice, a first-rate medical application; but a man might as reasonably take to opium-eating on the ground that it gave the delightful sensations proper to that intoxication, and was in itself a most valuable drug.

Still worse is the article entitled "Brain Difficulties." It just dips into and sports with the most highly-complicated and difficult problems which regard the organization of man. When serious students of nature are painfully testing crude theories, it is the worst mischief which can be done to science to parade their doubtful guesses as interesting probabilities. Besides playing with such hazardous words as "consciousness" and "volition," our author really knocks the whole of this perplexed subject about like a kitten tossing a skein of silk. Let him stick to such subjects as "the Human Hair," and leave the "Brain" to others. There are minor faults of style which we barely stop to notice. The forced-funny manner is a sadly popular deformity of periodical writing just now. What is gained by calling the propulsive power acquired by exhausting the air the "getting *Aeolus* to do our work"? What is, at St. George's Hospital, the "Blue-beard Chamber of the Establishment"? By forcing the fun in, we sometimes may, as with a pop-gun, force the sense out; and, by the constant use of stilts, we may lose all the grace and ease of natural movement.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

DESCRIPTIONS of Reigns of Terror are always popular reading, but German authors have comparatively few resources in that respect. They have never had the advantage of either an Inquisition or a Revolutionary Tribunal. The richest period in their history for the gleaner of horrors—in fact, almost the only period that will repay his labours—belongs to the Protestant and comparatively tranquil half-century that followed the Peace of Westphalia. The witchcraft persecutions, of which Dr. Lilienthal* gives a very effective and harrowing picture, appear, curiously enough, to have been, to a great extent, a special appanage of Protestantism. The superstitions which, in a period of calm, are apt to creep over every form of religion seem, in the case of the Reformed faith, to have taken exclusively this revolting shape. The witchcraft mania spread over most Pro-

testant countries, as well as a few Catholic ones, about the same period. The colonies of New England took, perhaps, the most conspicuous part in that display of religion which consisted in burning and torturing old women; but the North of Germany, did not lag very far behind. In the territory of Brunswick, at the end of the seventeenth century, from ten to twelve witches were burnt every day on an average. In the town of Würzburg, 157 were burnt in two years and a half. Among the victims were cathedral vicars, choir-men, nobles, distinguished citizens, and—what seems almost incredible—children from the ages of two to fourteen. In Lindheim, a village in the Wetterau, out of a population of five hundred, thirty underwent this fearful death in three years. In the year 1670, an epidemic raged among the children in a town in Sweden. It was reported to be the work of the witches. The King ordered an investigation, and the result of it was that 270 women, besides fifteen children, were executed as witches. It must be said that this King was an exception. As a rule, the higher authorities, both in Church and State, did all that they could to stay the plague. It was purely an outbreak of popular superstition. One of the best-directed efforts to stem it, or at least to mitigate its horrors, curiously enough came from the Roman Inquisition. A circular printed by the Holy Office, in 1657, contains minute directions for securing fairness in the trial of witches, which, if they had been observed, would have effectually prevented any person being condemned as a witch. But such efforts were absolutely nugatory. A blind panic had seized the populace and the inferior magistrates, and the pretended trials with which they legalized their massacres only added to the horror of the proceedings. Dr. Lilienthal has explored the archives of Braunsberg, and gives in detail an account of these horrible persecutions as they took place in that district. The usual process, as it appears from these cases, which are very similar in their details, was as follows:—Somebody or other, quarrelling with some woman about a trifle, called her a witch. This put her in a difficult position. If she submitted to the reproach without complaint, it was proof positive of her guilt, and she was burnt to certainty. If, on the other hand, she complained, it was a chance how the magistrates would take it. If she happened to be bear-eyed, or to have been seen wearing a handkerchief round her mouth to keep out the cold air, they would probably look upon it as a case of grave suspicion, and order her to be put to the torture. Once upon the rack, of course she confessed anything. According to the rule, she was racked three times at intervals of several days; but if, after the torture was over, she was weak enough to retract anything she had said, the rack was applied again. She usually confessed, under the torture, all the ordinary circumstances which popular superstition had connected with witchcraft—that she had had a familiar spirit in the form of a handsome young man, who was called by a certain name, and was dressed in certain colours, and who took her on Walpurgis-night to dance upon the Blocksberg. Then the question was always asked her, whom else had she seen at the dance? and the rack was stretched and stretched, until she gave the names of some of her acquaintances. If, after the agony was over, her conscience misgave her for what she had done, and she retracted the fearful accusation, she was simply racked again till she repeated it. Having been brought by constant applications of the torture to a consistent story, she was sent off to be burnt. If her case was thought to be peculiarly heinous, her flesh was preliminarily torn with red-hot pincers. Meanwhile, the unfortunates she had named were forthwith taken up, and submitted to the torture at once; for an accusation by another witch under torture was quite strong enough presumption to justify its application to the person accused. They of course in their turn confessed to the dance upon the Blocksberg, and accused others of having joined in it, and these others were in their turn tortured; and so on without end. At last a slow reaction seems to have set in. Either the efforts of the superior authorities began to take effect, or the progress of the accusations towards the better classes began to frighten them with a more solid danger than that of being bewitched. The last of the Braunsberg cases of burning given by Dr. Lilienthal took place in 1686. But in other places the persecution extended far into the eighteenth century. In the middle of the century it declined very rapidly, and disappeared altogether before its close. The last case in Germany of an execution for witchcraft was in the year 1749. After that date there was one in Glarus, in Switzerland, in 1782, and one in Poland—the last in Europe—in 1793.

*Goethe in the Yeare from 1771 to 1775** is undoubtedly a hard book to read, but it must have been a still harder one to write. It is not exactly a biography, but rather a meditation or rhapsody upon a fragment of a biography. It appears to be the result of some such exhortation upon these five years of Goethe's life as that which devout Roman Catholics are in the habit of practising on some portion of the life of a saint. It tells nothing new, for the author's materials are all drawn from published sources; but it improves each event in the poet's life, however minute, by a species of aesthetic sermonizing. It is naturally not exempt from the peculiar faults of a biography. What has been called the *lues Boswelliana* rages in M. Abeken with a fury which makes even Boswell seem in comparison satirical and cold. It is one note of admiration long drawn out—how

* *Die Hexenprocesse der beiden Städte Braunsberg*. Von Dr. J. Lilienthal. Königsberg: Beyer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

* *Goethe in den Jahren 1771 bis 1775*. Von B. R. Abeken. Hannover: Bümpler. London: Thümmler. 1861.

long, may be inferred from the fact that these five years, in which the poet's career had scarce begun, are made to yield more than four hundred octavo pages. Externally and prosaically speaking, they were not very eventful years in his life. When they began they found him at Frankfort—just of age. From thence he migrated to Wetzlar, which place he was compelled to leave in haste in order to avoid the unpleasant complications arising from his having fallen desperately in love with the betrothed bride of his most intimate friend. Thence he went to Ehrenbreitstein, and other places in the west of Germany. In the last of the years comprised within this book he made the acquaintance with the Duke of Weimar which was destined to have so powerful an influence on his future career. The events of these years were that he fell in love with six or seven different young women, and that he produced *Goetz von Berlichingen* and the *Sorrows of Werther*. The rhapsodist, of course, only dwells on the sentimental side of the first of these two classes of experiences; but they in no way shake the constancy of his admiration, and he is careful to inform his readers that the poet was a true son of Nature, and admired women of the Rubens type. Readers who are not familiar with the language peculiar to this special kind of *culte* will not find that this book leaves any distinct impression on their minds. They will rise from it with a slight feeling of weariness on the subject of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, and a desire for some sharp invective to take the taste of this quintessential adulation out of their mouths. There is only one person, apparently, with whom the author can bring himself to find fault; and that is Mr. Lewes, who has had the wickedness to accuse one of Goethe's early loves of having tried to renew her flirtations with him when she had arrived at the mature age of sixty-three.

German travels form the least agreeable department of German literature. They usually try to combine what the Germans call their own *Grundlichkeit* with a sprightliness borrowed from their neighbours across the Rhine. The latter quality does not suit very well the stock on which it is attempted to graft it; but the incompatibility is made much worse by the absence of any attempt to separate the two. The science and the wit usually convey pleasure to two different classes of readers; but they are jumbled so hopelessly in these cases that neither class of reader can pick out what pleases him without submitting to the rest. This defect damages M. de Sivers' travels in the West Indies,* which would otherwise be a meritorious contribution to scientific literature. Being a provincial man of science, he is naturally more worth reading when he confines himself to his technical specialities than when he deals with subjects which require large and general knowledge. He visited a good many regions in Central America, which, though by no means unknown, are rarely visited on account of their dangerous climate; and he observed both the flora and the fauna of the regions he traversed with some care. In the general observations on men and things which are intermixed with these scientific observations he is not so successful. They show some prejudice and a good deal of ignorance. Against the English he is irreconcilable. He calls their observance of the Sunday *Heiligtumre*, accuses them of enforcing decency in Honduras merely for the sake of promoting the sale of cotton, and repeats the worn-out and oft-refuted tales of cruelty to the imported coolies in the West Indies. But it is difficult to repose much confidence in his general information, when we find him actually stating that the event which suggested to the English the idea of abolishing slavery was the occurrence of a slave insurrection in Jamaica in 1832, and that "the suppression of the insurrection and the abolition of slavery were carried out with equal violence." Nor is collective England the only sufferer. It does not perhaps matter very much to any Englishman what a Livonian *savant* may be pleased to say concerning him; but still scandal about the private life of Colonial Governors may be said to be out of place in a book of scientific travels.

Dr. Burmeister, of Halle, is publishing a narrative of his scientific travels in the States of the Argentine Republic.† It is a work of more pretension and of a great deal more value than the last. He spent four years in the plains which border the Southern portion of the river Parana, and resided several months at both Mendoza and Parana. Near the latter place he made the experiment of buying a small property, and living a country life upon the Argentine pattern. But, after the lapse of nine months, his patience gave way under the multiplied annoyances of living in a country where there were no good servants and plenty of admirable thieves. The result of this sojourn was a very considerable zoological and geological collection. The author also turned his attention to the meteorology of the country, and has brought back a considerable mass of observations. The book is not merely scientific, but enters at some length into the social condition of the people among whom he lived. As he is an advanced Protestant, and they are strong Catholics, his judgment of them is perhaps more hearty in its censure than it would have been if there had been no religious antagonism in the case. He speaks in strong terms of the evil influence of the priesthood, and

of the peace of families disturbed by the confessional. He even goes so far as to attribute mainly to this cause the material backwardness and political disorganization of the South Americans. The priests are chiefly drawn from the lowest classes of society, so that the influence of what the author indignantly calls the "parsonry" appears to the worst advantage. He is also very severe upon the subject of the numberless holidays which waste the time of the people and disconcert employers. On this point, however, he speaks feelingly, for one of the drawbacks of his country life was that at the greater festivals his cook and the rest of his household claimed the privilege of retiring for eight days to the nearest town to enjoy themselves—leaving him to enjoy the charms of solitude and cook his own dinners till they returned. On these questions, therefore, he may be excused for being severe. But in other respects the style is quiet and unassuming, and conveys an impression that his narrative may be relied on. The present volume is to be shortly followed by a second, and then by a series of sketches which he made in the lower spurs of the Cordilleras, near Mendoza. The work deserves recognition, both on account of the intelligence and care with which it has been prepared, and the laborious observations of which it is the fruit.

An "Austrian Veteran's" narrative of the *Winter Campaign in Transylvania in the Years 1848 and 1849** makes its appearance very appropriately just now, when the scenes to which it relates seem likely to be repeated before long. It is a rough, unadorned diary of the daily events of the campaign, preceded by a short and equally unpretentious political explanation. Naturally, the Austrian Veteran looks at things from an Austrian point of view. He dwells on the privileges enjoyed by the Magyar nobility, the utter oppression of the Rouman serfs, and the interested motives which induced the former to join in a cry for freedom which they were not really anxious to promote. He represents the German and Rouman inhabitants to have been enthusiastically anxious to uphold the Imperial power as their only refuge against the tyranny of the dominant caste. The assent to a union with Hungary, which was obtained from the Transylvanian Diet, was not their voluntary act, but was wrung out of them by the terror of a mob of Magyar students who were masters of the town in which they sat. He gives a horrible account of the barbarities which were practised by the Magyar National Guards upon the Rouman villages, for the purpose of keeping them in subjection to the Government of Kossuth. The book does not touch upon the events of the Hungarian war, but concludes with the evacuation of Transylvania by the Imperial troops under Kalliany, in March, 1849; neither does it touch upon the reconquest of Transylvania at the close of the war.

An anonymous pamphlet,† published by Felix, of Leipzig, on the effect of the rifling of cannon upon the science of fortification, only deserves notice for the earnestness with which it seeks to impress the principle that, for the future, fortifications must be constructed more with a view to their being garrisoned by irregular than regular troops. The vastness of the armies which modern aggressors can bring to bear will require every available drilled man in the field; and the national enthusiasm which accompanies most modern wars will make it easy to fill the fortresses with the less capable troops—volunteers, land-sturms, and the like. Beyond this his recommendations confine themselves to purely technical details.

Lucifer, or the Demagogues, is a spirited play from the pen of M. Gieseke.‡ Some of the machinery would seem to us very antiquated in England, though unhappily it is not so in Germany. The plot turns on the intrigues of a monk, who is guardian of a rich heiress, and desires to procure her wealth for his monastery. He does this by marrying her to a man who undertakes to leave away her property in the way that the guardian desires. There is, of course, a rival whom she prefers, but who declines to make the requisite promises to the monk; and he is disposed of by the ordinary machinery of calumnies, suppression of letters, and, finally, the invocation of the aid of the police. Like the generality of recent German plays, it gives a painful picture of German society. The stock nobleman is always a ruined gambler, the Prince a gambler who is not ruined, the priest is a cunning intriguer capable of every crime, the judicial machinery is employed mainly for purposes of oppression, and the exiled demagogue is the one virtuous man. So many authors agree to paint this picture that we must presume the archetype of it is somewhere to be found. If not, the antipathy between the literary class and the constituted authorities must be dangerously bitter. The fault of the play is that the complications are continued up to the last scene, and are then violently and suddenly resolved by the death of the hero and heroine, as if the author had become suddenly tired of continuing the story.

* *Der Winter Feldzug des Revolutionskrieges in Siebenbürgen in den Jahren 1848 und 1849. Von einem österreichischen Veteranen.* Leipzig: Hoffmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Einige Bemerkungen über den Einfluss der gezogenen Geschütze auf die Festungskunst und den Festungskrieg.* Leipzig: Felix. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Lucifer oder die Demagogen.* Drama in fünf Acten. Von Robert Gieseke. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

* *Ueber Madeira und die Antillen nach Mittelamerika. Reisedenk-würdigkeiten und Forschungen.* Von J. von Sivers. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Reise durch die La Plata-Staaten.* Von Dr. Hermann Burmeister. Halle: Schmidt. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

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